THE COMMONWEAL

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THE SEVERAL SMITHS

A MAN with a genial idea has suggested that all the Smiths vote for Smith, as a matter of family pride. There are enough of them, if one may judge by impressions rather than statistics, to have a marked influence upon election returns; and if everybody who has a Smith in his or her ancestral tree joined the movement, something like a Democratic landslide might result. We are, of course, fairly certain no such banding together will take place, and doubly sure that the Smiths do not actually belong to one and the same household. Yet it was worth while to recall, at a time when so much attention is fastened upon the unity and value of national society, that the only kind of gregariousness absolutely essential to mankind is the family. The trend of recent history seems to indicate that while people were lending so much emphasis to the idea of country that international safety was gravely imperiled, they were ignoring the family to an extent calculated to endanger the existence of the country itself.

For a time it seemed as if the Catholic Church stood alone in sounding the alarm. Inflexible in her attitude toward divorce, resolute in her defense of the sacramental character of marriage, the Church issued warning after warning against secondary attacks upon the fireside group. In a sense even the illustrious Leonine encyclical on the condition of labor was less an economic program than a statement of the workingman's right to a wage that will enable his family to subsist. Here, perhaps, is localized the specifically modern attack upon the family. Sexual laxities and violations of the marriage bond have been known in all ages. The moralists have been denouncing irregularities from the beginning. But it was left to the two last centuries to witness a direct conflict between rapidly increasing populations on the one hand and unparalleled concentration of wealth on the other hand. Between these two stones the family seemed about to be ground into powder. Many critics have therefore been severe in their denunciation of the traditional Christian attitude toward marriage, which they held utterly incompatible with modern social circumstance. The Church was forced to meet this opposition as best it could, in an era when the media of influence were largely in other and antagonistic hands.

Recently, however, other religious societies have begun to awaken to the danger. The number of Protestant divines who oppose divorce has increased rapidly, and the churches under their guidance have come to adopt stricter views of the marriage relation. At the Church of England congress, just held at Cheltenham, the Bishop of Durham did not hesitate to say

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that the decline of religious faith was undermining the twin pillars upon which sex morality has been perennially based—the understanding of matrimony as a permanent union, and recognition of the child as the normal reason why that union is consummated. The present social scene is dotted with persons who rush from one alliance into another through the convenient gateway of the divorce court. And in some parts of the so-called Christian world, children can be excluded from the connubial apartment without giving the impression that there has been even so much as a breach of decorum. It is not difficult to see that adoption of such customs as social standards would mean the end of all discipline in the lives of men and women.

Agreement, relatively speaking at least, among conscious Christians as to the principles involved would make practical acceptance of these much easier. The words in which Cardinal Newman set forth the truth that "being a gentleman" is an aid to, though not a substitute for, religious living, have been quoted so frequently that one hates to come back to them again. But they do enshrine a fact which appears to be overlooked frequently simply because it is obvious. The habits of one's friends or one's social group are fetters, for better or worse. Many a young man or woman who begins life with the finest ideals is gradually brought to a point of complete surrender by a series of conformations with the world round about. Acceptance of other people's sins as normal acts dulls one's own conscience. This accounts for a good 80 percent of Catholic leakage, and of course it is no less disastrous to other communions. If, therefore, all Christians resolutely agreed to stand for the basic morals of marriage, they would lend incalculable support to one another in the face of decadence.

Surprisingly little plausible criticism has been brought to bear upon those morals themselves. Your sociologist merely believes that under existing conditions they are impracticable. The number of divorces is supposed to indicate only that modern people have outgrown institutionalized living. Husband and wife are conscious of each other as individuals; and when this consciousness has become harrowing or nauseating, neither is buoyed up by a feeling that their union itself has a value of its own. Much has happened to intensify this new individualism—economic independence; equality of the sexes; ability to get on minus a "social prop," without which our fathers would have felt sadly unstable in a veering world; and cultural outlets which have greatly widened the range of everyone's mind, however fatuous they may sometimes be. It is incorrect to denounce any of these matters. All are good things, but because they are highly personalized and intricate advantages they must be used rightly. Certainly it is not right to conclude that children are obstacles to individualistic living, and must therefore be excluded. A baby may be a burden, but it is also a blessing. This, your sociologist is eager to admit, but hastens to add that the ratio between burden and blessing must, in these hazardous times, be controlled. Men like East have made this point emphatically, taking their stand upon a vast accumulation of evidence.

To a certain extent the sociologist is justified. Bringing up a family of Smiths is not the same business it once was, and the relations between the elder Smiths themselves have likewise changed. The Christian needs to reckon with these truths, to learn as much about them as the competent sociologist can tell him, and to act accordingly. But he has one great initial advantage. He knows that Smith Incorporated must bear in mind unchanging human and social laws, just as a financial enterprise can never forget economic and monetary laws. He will not say that social problems render marriage morals useless, any more than a good bank will scoff at the rules of the game because times are hard. And we believe that here the fundamental matter is not primarily the "twin pillars" of which the Bishop of Durham spoke but rather the eternal truth that human beings can never rightly solve life by surrendering the spirit to the body. Mankind did not need to wait until 1928 to know that it is pleasant to run away from a husband of whom one has tired into the arms of a paramour; but the soul has always died in these new embraces. Ages ago mothers knew that it is hard to bear children and rear them, but they could have got the tenderness which nestles in their eyes no other way.

But can we say that people will go on paying heavy prices for their souls? The sad answer is, they will not if the price be beyond their strength. Heroes do not come wholesale. And so there must rest upon Christian society the gigantic task of sanctifying the circumstances of which the sociologist complains. That this involves strenuous efforts to promote social justice and charity goes without saying. Beyond that it is being realized more and more thoroughly that the Church itself must resume something of its ancient function as a place of refuge. Yet these things, deeply important though they be, are possibly not the most vital. Religious psychology, religious pedagogy, are only beginning to realize the problems created by the appearance of the most distinctive of modern phenomena—the individualized person. This is particularly true with regard to marriage. Under the influence of a moralist tradition, we seem almost to have forgotten the meaning of Saint Paul's nuptial sermon —that matrimony is for those who marry, first of all; and that this mystical, rapturous adventure is designed in all truth to mirror the very manner in which Christ loves the Church. Give back to the Smiths their Christian sublimity, and it may less frequently occur to them to jump off those "twin pillars" from which they can reach the stars. Surely the great doctors agree in teaching that generic form and individuality are twin sources of awe—that a universe of laws is the universe of each one's freedom, under God.

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WEEK BY WEEK

MRS. MABEL WALKER WILLEBRANDT, continuing her task of arousing various groups of Protestants to fight the terrible wetness of Mr. Smith, has now ventured upon a distinction. It runs something like this: the churches can very properly enter politics to establish the reign of prohibition because there has been a movement inside the Catholic Church itself to promote that reign. Pope Pius X and Cardinal Mercier, she tells us, were both advocates of prohibition. Upon what evidence this statement is based it would be difficult to say, because no authoritative biography of either man even distantly alludes to it. Of course both prelates, like a great many saintly Catholic churchmen, were tireless advocates of temperance and believed that those who could not take wine ought to practise total abstinence. Both were far from believing that the Church itself, as an institution for the spiritual governance of men, should labor to foist upon the world something so destructive of reasonable government as the dry law. Nor have Colonel Callahan and his group advocated anything so absurd. As citizens they have a right to pin their faith to Volsteadism as a social measure, but they know perfectly well that Catholic doctrine from the early Fathers to the present time has left the individual absolutely free to make up his mind regarding such matters. Everybody will concede to Methodists and Mrs. Willebrandt the right to think that prohibition is the only way of solving the liquor problem. But when the churches as groups enter politics to enforce this way upon others, they effect an alliance between ecclesiasticism and government which we consider not only distinctly un-American but also gravely deleterious to anything that might be called Christian harmony.

THE Eighteenth Amendment is only a formula, an expedient, which must be judged by results. Its object has been to correct the evils consequent upon drink, and if it cannot succeed political common sense must oppose it. During the last week, three dozen deaths in New York City were directly caused by poison booze, served in speakeasies which cater to the poorer classes. During the same period at least one hundred high-class restaurants in the same town supplied their patrons with liquors ranging from excellent California table wine to rare old Chartreuse. Nothing more serious than a headache was acquired in any of these elegant establishments. Who does not see, therefore, that prohibition is unequivocally responsible for the ghastly toll of lives? Foisted upon us as a remedy for evils, it has produced horrors which physicians describe as "atrocious beyond words." We confess to finding it distinctly regrettable that Christianity in any form should be willing to assume the burden of such a "means" to secure a supposedly moral end. Who shall wonder if thousands of victims, paying the penalty for a misguided crusade, should bitterly deride a churchly fanaticism which demands a tribute of death.

THEY may have bundled Mr. Horan out of France, but that gentlemen's achievement goes with him. The secret naval pact, signed under almost melodramatic conditions by the governments of France and Great Britain, has now figured in so much public conversation that whatever usefulness it may have had is long since dissipated. Spectators have, it is true, stood aghast at the flood of political mystery stories unloosed everywhere in Europe by the news. Italy has probably been the worst sufferer, owing to absurd rumors about a concentration of French aircraft on the border. In England reason has prevailed, almost every paper turning its editorial guns upon Mr. Baldwin. He blundered greatly, the Daily News declares, in failing to "muster sufficient courage to take the world into his confidence." The frankness and courtesy with which Secretary Kellogg stated the position of the United States appears to have won nearly all hearts. His chief argument, that stacking the cards against Washington must mean cessation of earnest efforts to limit naval armaments, has recalled to the mind of the world that gunpowder is always a dangerous diplomatic weapon, and that modern citizens desire above all to be released from as many dangers as possible. More immediately effective, however, is the status of war debts, which cannot be regulated advantageously without the coöperation of the United States.

PUBLICATION of The Calvert Handbook of Catholic Facts, prepared under the auspices of the Calvert Associates and a coöperating committee of

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thirty distinguished citizens, is in our opinion an event of real importance. The sturdy little book asks and answers the questions which so frequently precipitate controversy between Catholics and their neighbors: Has the Church consigned all Protestants to eternal fire? Was the Chicago Eucharistic Congress an attempt to invade America? Are the convents haunts of vice and corruption? While most of the material is derived from well-known and authentic sources, the completeness and efficacy of the handbook make it an excellent gift to the suspicious and the misinformed. Nobody hopes that it can dispel all prejudice or silence every whisper. But if it can be widely distributed and placed within reach of those who have never been supplied with a readable account of the Catholic position on matters which concern American society, some progress toward the conquest of intolerant ignorance will have been made. The editors have included various documents of historic importance, notably Washington's letter to the members of the New Church at Baltimore, and a Who's Who of Catholic relatives of United States Presidents. Though the appearance of the little book testifies to a deplorable abundance of misunderstanding, it is also a symbol of intelligent and fair-minded Catholic reaction to the need for light.

THE automobiles and moving pictures made in the United States are the most effective of agencies promoting good-will for this country in Latin America, according to Ambassador Alexander P. Moore, who has just returned from Peru. The statement comes as a curiosity, in view of recent denunciations of the Hollywood product in the South American press. The objections raised are that the films which find their way south of the Canal Zone are not fit for presentation. Pictures banned as indecent in the United States and its territories are invariably passed off on the South American theatres. The system was working very well until various South Americans who had visited the United States began to wonder why the character of the pictures shown in their homelands was so seldom that of films in the North. Our pictures were acceptable so long as it was not generally known that we had better. If the United States, as the undisputed leader in the industry, produced indecent pictures, then the cinema and indecency must be synonymous. One could look for nothing else. Now that Hollywood's practice of salvaging its mistakes in South America is understood, the press is complaining. One wonders what will eventually become of the moving picture as an agency of good-will.

COÖPERATION between labor and capital, which seemed such a fond illusion as recently as fifteen years ago, has taken on substance and tangibility so rapidly that it may now be regarded as a very possible realization. A recent study by the Bureau of Labor Statistics disclosed many ways in which mutual action is being taken by unions and employers for improved methods of production. The Bureau's statement that "during the past decade a gradual change has taken place in the attitude of, at least, the leaders of organized labor," may with equal force apply to employers. Likewise, the fact that hostility still exists in some industries cannot be blamed entirely on union labor. Indeed, a new spirit has entered the purposes of most unions, a spirit which considers the interests of the industry as well as the interests of the men. This change has come from within, from a comprehension, sadly and painfully gained, that labor and capital are like unto each other as the once famous Siamese twins and must walk together. Because of this, we have an ever greater cooperation which makes it possible "to improve operating efficiency; introduce new methods or machinery, or to improve the old; reduce operating costs by eliminating wastes; improve the quality of the work produced; bring up the total of production; raise the general level of sanitation and safety, increase the skill and efficiency of the workers."

ENGLISH financial interests, apparently, are satisfied with the present relative stability of conditions in China. For London reports that one syndicate has been formed to assist in the reconstruction of communities devastated by the war, and that another is negotiating to build new roads and railways in Chekiang and Kiangsu provinces. It may not be clear, whether, as American commerce seems to think, the British are rushing in where they should fear to tread, but it is evident that the Chinese are to be congratulated. The nationalists, of course, are eager to welcome foreign capital so long as China is not regarded as a dependency, but are perhaps painting too cheerful a picture of the rewards awaiting capitalists. The Americans are being regarded reproachfully because of their continued hesitation and very apparent fear of burning their fingers, while German firms are kindly looked upon, largely because they have returned to China with new personnel. "As it is difficult to teach an old dog new tricks, so it will be difficult for the so-called 'old established' firms in China to adapt themselves to new conditions," writes the China Weekly Review. "There is no longer any place in China for the 'Old-China-Hand' or 'taipan' who received his education in China during the past decade and who has always looked upon the Chinese as a mass of uneducated, inferior people."

THE Italian press may consider itself lucky. On the authority of Premier Mussolini himself it is the freest in the world. It can, because he has given it leave to do so, ridicule his playing of the violin. "Elsewhere the press is at the orders of plutocratic groups," he says. "Elsewhere it is reduced to buying and selling sensational news whose reiterated reading causes in the public a kind of stupefied saturation with symptoms of debility, inanition and imbecility." All this, of course, has a familiar ring, and if it is meant to apply

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not absolutely but partially, one is constrained to agree. Most newspapers in most countries are hard pressed for news which will be interesting and of assistance to the circulation department, without being hostile to the interests of the advertising desk. But in Italy—ah! There journalism is free because it serves only one cause and one régime. It is free because within the limits allowed by law it can exercise the functions of control and criticism without expulsion. It is free because, with the exception of Fascist fundamentals, to which it is devoted anyway, it can criticize where and at what length it pleases. Satire, this? Not at all. It is Signor Mussolini congratulating the editors of Italy.

ON OCTOBER 6, at Saint Andrew's church in New York City, there was celebrated for the first time in the United States a Red Mass, with many eminent judges and lawyers, of various denominations, in attendance. Cardinal Hayes, who presided, referred to it as "a glorious thing," and a sign that "you good members of the profession are intense in your desire to spiritualize justice." Surely the fine value of prayer for guidance at the opening of the court sessions will be generally understood, and the occasion should not be allowed long to stand as the single example in our history of this invoking of the Holy Ghost in the cause of light, truth and justice. The custom is of ancient merit in Europe, and if it is now observed for the first time here, it cannot be altogether because the legal profession in this country has heretofore been too "swallowed up in business," or is so suddenly in need of prayer. Initiative has been needed, and Father William Cashin, pastor of Saint Andrew's, has supplied it. Organizer last spring of the Catholic Lawyer's Guild, he probably recognizes the coming of more leisure and security to the American lawyer, with the corresponding opportunity for reflection and desire for a grip on the spiritual values of his position.

AMERICAN periodical publishers performed a distinct service for both their readers and themselves when they recently subscribed to a plan for cleaning their columns of fraudulent advertising. The advantages of organized effort in this direction ought to be immediately apparent, for, in the past, assaults on misleading advertisers have been too sporadic to accomplish much good generally. Larger magazines have been able to afford examination of the integrity of their would-be clients, but such luxuries have naturally been beyond the means of the small ones. Of course it is often the readers of these less well-known journals who are most in need of protection from unscrupulous sales methods. Now the burden of investigation will be taken over by the National Better Business Bureau which has been designated as the agency to notify publishers, and governmental departments, if necessary, whenever fraudulent advertising is offered for publication. Far from losing in the execution of this plan, the periodicals stand to gain tremendously by it. The increased confidence of the reading public will be one reward, and larger contracts for space with advertisers who are no longer asked to vie with dishonest competitors will be another.

THE Order of Friars Minor commemorates the six hundredth anniversary of the death of John of Monte Corvino, first missioner to China, in a recently published booklet. One section is devoted to the development of the Franciscan Missions in China, which now require for maintenance approximately one thousand priests and nuns; another to a martyrology. But the fascinating life and amazing accomplishments of the first missioner receive due prominence. One of the greatest of the fourteenth-century travelers, with that very special gift for getting along despite natural and political obstacles, so necessary to the wanderer of that time, he traversed Asia Minor, Armenia, Persia, India and, finally, the immense Chinese empire. The foundation of monasteries for the native youth, and establishment of a hierarchy eventually brought him the dignity of patriarch, and his death at an advanced age was mourned by pagan and Christian alike. The booklet of the Friars Minor does not attempt to tell this story in more than outline form, but it may serve to interest some scholar in the production of a new life of John. Now that the exploits of the early travelers to the Orient are receiving so much attention, such a biography should find a wide audience.

NEW YORK CITY has a library system which serves not only the people of the metropolis but crowds of students and readers from all parts of the country. Few places where books are read offer the facilities for reference afforded by the Forty-second Street branch, and of course the neighborhood libraries are indispensable to a population which is, in many cases, eagerly adjusting itself to American conditions. For some curious reason, however, no reward for all this virtue is showered upon the workers themselves. The library salary schedule has remained ante-bellum with a vengeance, despite efforts to effect improvement. At present a trained woman who spends twelve years in the city's book palaces will receive a thousand dollars less per annum than a high school librarian. In addition she must relinquish all thought of a pension upon retirement, no such thing having been arranged by the town fathers. Finally, when she looks around, she discovers that ninety-one branch librarians, most of whom have been in the service more than twenty years, are receiving a weekly pay-check labelled $45. This situation will be deplored by all who have availed themselves of Gotham's book treasures; and if there be no change of heart among the budget makers, the city's reputation deserves to suffer. At present the librarians are seeking an average raise of $3.63 a week. May they get it, even though some official welcome be staged without strips of paper!

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STIRRING thousands to wondering awe and unrestrained enthusiasm, the Graf Zeppelin has at last soared over American cities like a giant liner lifted to the ether by a kind of baffling sorcery. Whatever the voyage may or may not have demonstrated, this is the first time that aircraft has rendered visual all the mystery of distance and venturesome travel. It is an amazingly beautiful thing, this ship—a glittering, humming, obedient cloud which buoys men up safely and adapts itself so well to the reaches of the air that not one detail of its appearance seems outlandish. The day of landing was an occasion of triumph to courageous aviators, and in a smaller measure to those who expect aviation to serve commerce effectively. There has now been added to the story of travel the record of nearly five days spent continuously in the air, under conditions which demanded the utmost bravery and skill. To our mind, however, the voyage is primarily a tribute to the man whose name is inscribed upon the ship—Count Zeppelin, who struggled for years to realize an idea which, despite criticism and failures, has now been expressed in a form worthy of the best ambition of man. For here is a solid, practical, reliable achievement which at the same time interprets in admirable symmetry those basic principles of form which satisfy the thirst for beauty that remains one of the deepest cravings of the soul. Even though the feasibility of transoceanic air travel has not been proved as fully as one might desire, a new era in man's relations with the Atlantic has been opened almost simultaneously, as it happens, with the observance of Columbus Day.

IN A moment of cynicism, the Times regrets that the respective party chairmen have laid off making predictions, which nobody believes, to engage in a debate about the tariff. This, we are informed, "is about as important to the electorate as booing down a rain barrel." The country wants duels between the principals, and expects the managers to content themselves with raising the check in payment. Now for some reason or other, sheer perversity in all likelihood, we thought the Work-Raskob discussion one of the season's few snappy campaign creations. It contributed a certain glow and sparkle to the dear old tariff. Who shall say that the candidates are always the exemplars of that picturesqueness which citizens like to associate with politics? Bryan and Roosevelt were just as interesting when helping somebody else as when helping themselves. To many a French campaign Daudet and his compeers have lent a refreshing, if somewhat boisterous, charm. The present scrap in our own blest country has thus far suffered badly from official constriction. The big speeches all sound like a letter from the front scarred up by half a dozen censors. And so why summon up an image of a noise in the rain barrel when two practical gentlemen avoid the caution of their candidates and the inanities of their uncontrollable henchmen and rise to oratory?

ESCAPING TO BRITTANY

MR. D. B. WYNDHAM LEWIS shall furnish us with this text: "They came, slinking cautiously through narrow byways, to the College of Navarre, dark and silent at this late hour." This is, of course, an account of François Villon and his favorite conspirators, derived from the recent remarkable book which a very bad "dedication" and some equally lamentable publicity have not prevented from furnishing sundry persons with amusement. With profit, too, because the volume is scholarly and human. The business of criticism must be left to others, however, and we hope they will bear in mind that a lot more of good Belloc oozed into the book than is compressed into the preface. For the moment it seems legitimate to go back to the text and reflect upon how constantly, curiously, this motif recurs in the literature of England.

Many continental observers have the feeling that the Anglo-Saxon goes to Europe (when not driven by a thirst acquired in what has grown out of the thirteen original colonies) in order to display with what agility his long, thin legs can amble up mountain-peaks, or for the purpose of composing guide-books and appraising hostels. The English are even grudgingly praised, south of Paris, as a kind of unorganized society for keeping beds clean. This, we feel very earnestly, is an unfair verdict. What the normal Londoner is after is the variety of emotion distilled into Mr. Lewis's aforementioned sentence. He wants the thrill of Latin midnights, wherein armed conspirators, bearing weapons far more cumbersome than automatics, tiptoe out of some haunt densely perfumed with sin. During all these centuries, the British have been overwhelmed with a zest for placidness. Chaucer himself could not escape a passion for respectability, which is something ever so much more burdensome than virtue. All the world knows what happened to that once gay salt, John Masefield, after he had set out to be Chaucerian. And the King Arthur whom Malory had zestfully tailored out of the French was carefully restuffed into Cornish pantaloons by no less eminent a gentleman than Tennyson.

But the English worm constantly turns. Stevenson emancipated himself and his generation with these selfsame "narrow byways." Think of what happened to the young blood who happened into the Sire de Maletroit's door, and you have an explanation of why Samoa became illustrious. Some similar urge drove Browning into reading all the moth-eaten renaissance books he could lay his hands on. Mr. Chesterton's anarchists have to escape to Brittany in order to have a really gorgeous time. The sole Bellocian hope is that men may some time be brave and boisterous again—as in France. And, curiously enough, before Verlaine could recapture what seemed to him the haunting secret of Villon, he had to go to England and absorb the point of view. Mr. George Moore

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even has made relatively the same pilgrimage, only that he has not been so worthy a traveler. Nor have the lesser fry—Sabatini, Farnol and the others—failed to thrive on a recipe so meaty, so illustrious and so often tried.

Thus France is, in a measure, the Englishman's meat. How nourishing this is you may judge from the delight with which Mr. Lewis fondles rare, lovely French words. One as old and full-bodied as "rostisserie" fairly makes his mouth water. The point may be grasped more readily, however, by approaching it from two very different sides. Mr. Chesterton berates Amercians because they like steam heat, whereas it is the joy of every staunch English yeoman to scorn the breezes which rush up his back on a frosty morning. On the other hand, he loves the French who absorb warmth inwardly, by the bottle. The first is decorous, the second enchanting; and Mr. Chesterton, galled all his life by island primness, had rather be enchanted than heated. Again, Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch has recently defended the "purple patch," magnificent symptom of the presence of rhetoric, in the face of the prevailing downpour of bald statement. Rhetoric may be a little ebullient, uncontrollable, out of line with the Parthenon style, but rhetoric is often "memorable speech" whereas the digests of the Anthropological Society are not. And if one now consults Mr. Lewis's discourse, he will find that, out of the hunger for dark alleys and mysterious adventure, there has come much memorable speech, indulging its humors and whims, mirroring personality, and gifted to "richly fool the barber of Bourg-la-Reine."

WORRYING THE MASSES

"I AM not, it is true, a dirt farmer," John W. Davis told the agricultural Midwest. "Neither am I a pictorial farmer." It was the wittiest remark of the campaign four years ago, and did not lose Mr. Davis any votes. But there are critics of the public intelligence who will tell you that Mr. Davis would have carried more than twelve states if he had circulated pictures of himself pitching hay or riding a harrow. Should Mr. Smith lose in November, the same gentlemen will attribute his defeat to the fact that he refused to lay bricks for the "boys" in Albany. If he wins, his success will be ascribed to the brown derby.

In other words, we cannot explain any election result by the intelligence of the average voter. We must swallow, unsalted, the premise that he has none. If his choice is a good one, it is fortuitous. If poor, it is all that could be expected. For elections are determined by hokum. Mr. Harding won in 1920 because his front porch hokum, "No entangling alliances," was mightier than Mr. Cox's personal appeal hokum, "The League of Nations."

Thus Mr. Frank Kent, Washington correspondent of the Baltimore Sun, demonstrates "the simple truth that the great mass of voters are utterly uninformed and unintelligent, impervious to reason, can be reached only through their emotions, are swayed wholly by their prejudices or personal interests." In support, he quotes a senator on the topic of what the people crave. "Hokum is what they want and, other things being equal, the candidate who knows how to feed it to them will win every time over the candidate who does not."

The whole strength of the argument is in the premise that the great mass of voters are unintelligent, and in that word "hokum." If you challenge these things, the case perceptibly totters. What, for instance, constitutes the "great mass of voters"? And how is one accurately to determine that the reasons for which this great mass chooses one candidate over another are emotional rather than rational? Has any one attempted a test, even on a small scale? The truth is that this argument cannot be made inductively, and the great disadvantage of Mr. Kent's deductive method is that it starts from an unestablished premise.

What are we to understand, definitely, by "hokum"? Mr. Kent states blandly that "its varieties are infinite and wonderful." It is "the ability to dramatize yourself." Mr. Kent is forgetting the Great Commoner. But perhaps the tenets of this political philosophy did not hold good in 1896, in 1904 and again in 1908. Surely we cannot detect in it a sigh for those "good old days"? For nothing is more obvious than that political audiences are much less susceptible to dramatics than they were a quarter of a century ago. Platform pyrotechnics are more likely to engender suspicion than support in these ignorant times. Mrs. Mabel Walker Willebrandt, who still indulges in them, has lost more votes than she has won for Mr. Hoover, if we are to judge from the pleas of Republican newspapers for her removel from the speaking schedule; and Tom Heflin has ceased, temporarily, to denounce the Pope for fear he might thereby win his audiences for the Catholic nominee of his party. Blaine could not harangue Wisconsin into accepting an obscure Progressive over a well-known Conservative candidate for governor, and it is not sure that Jim Reed can hold Missouri for the Democratic party.

These things may serve to show that voters generally are not being taken in by hokum. That there does exist a percentage which can be reached and swayed through it, no one will deny. Ours is no millennium. Neither is it an age of hopeless ignorance and disorder. Certainly we have groups "swayed wholly by their prejudices or personal interests." On the other hand, we have hosts of excellent people who are impressed by nothing so much as character based on the ordinary Christian virtues. They are not in the limelight with the practitioners or the critics of hokum. They do not move suddenly: never rise, spectacularly, as one. But they do exert a pressure, and under it government is slowly shaped. We may criticize them for taking so much time about it, but we cannot, when no means are available for wholesale examination, ridicule their intelligence without reflecting on our own.

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THE BATTLE-SMOKE CLEARS

By CHARLES WILLIS THOMPSON

AS THE first week in October was ending, the Republicans moved. The only card they have to play this year is what they call "the prosperity issue." The term is not exact since there can be no issue on the subject of prosperity; everybody wants it; everybody is for it. The meaning of the phrase politically is that, declining battle on any of the issues raised by the Democrats, the Republicans expect to retain power by keeping nearly intact that solid normal majority which they always have; and that they expect to keep it intact by reminding waverers of the ancient fear that the Democratic party will do something to damage business if it gets in.

This, the "full dinner-pail" shibboleth, was Mark Hanna's war-cry in 1900, and everybody knew in his heart the truth that lay in it if Bryan and his mixed and unassimilable following should get into power. Ever since then, except in 1916—1912 was nothing to the contrary—it has been used with effect, though it was never really essential because the Democratic party was too futile a thing to be intrusted with power anyhow in those days. This year, however, when Raskob, of General Motors, left the Republican party to manage Smith's campaign, when such business men as Woodin and Du Pont followed him, it became evident that the old Mark Hanna slogan was needed, and badly needed, to hold the ranks steady.

It is the only shot in the Republican gun, but that does not mean that it may not be deadly. They moved with military skill and judgment. The sixth of October was precisely the right date. The unintelligible confusion and hullabaloo that inaugurates a campaign is nearly spent by that time, and it is then that the hitherto motionless gunner, who has been ignoring the rifle volleys and cavalry charges in the adjacent scenery, should sight his gun and go into action. So, just as the confused firing was dying down a little and the skirmishing parties were returning to camp with batches of prisoners, the Republicans opened with cannonade. Mr. Hoover was taken out of the silences to Elizabethton, Tennessee, and pulled the lanyard.

The instant reaction of the Democrats proved two things. It proved, first, the correctness of the Republican move. Instead of passing it by as a shifty campaign trick, as they would have done in their leaderless years, they met it seriously, and Smith, on his impending southern tour, planned to cope with that dangerous gun by a determined effort to spike it in a speech, instead of waiting till he got back into the North to do it. What Hoover said was not so important; the important thing was that he said it. That was enough to reawaken the almost ancestral American fear of the business-hating Democrats. It was necessary for the Democrats to show at once that the Woodins, the Raskobs and the Du Ponts are not the business wreckers and unhandy tinkers who followed Bryan's lead, and after him conducted a leaderless and aimless sort of fight for mere office. (The Wilson interlude, or episode, looms great in national history but is not even an interruption in the history of political campaigning, and is therefore disregarded.) The second thing that was proved was that there is at least leadership in the Democratic party.

The contest thus intelligently begun at Elizabethton, then, becomes a contest on one side to hold the old Republican majority solid through the historic fear of that Falstaff army which haunted the dreams of business throughout the Bryan and post-Bryan years, and a contest on the other side to convince the country in four weeks that there is a new and intelligent Democratic party; that Falstaff is dead and Prince Hal is on the throne.

One strategic result of it is that, in this matter at least, the Democrats lose the advantage of being the party of attack. The Democrats have now got to prove that they are not enemies of business, which means enemies of every man's bank account. It cannot be said, however, that they were maneuvered into this position by any superior Republican military genius; it was the obvious thing to do. All the Republicans deserve credit for is seizing the right moment, and that did show veteran skill. On the other hand, the Democrats did show military skill by instantly grappling with the situation, a thing they would not have done at any time between 1896 and the Houston convention. The present Republican plan is to hold the line, continue the cannonade, and bring in President Coolidge—the personification of the argument—to make a speech about prosperity just before election; and then to rest, with Coolidge the last and biggest figure in the voter's pre-election dream.

So much for the one big maneuver the campaign has shown us. Campaigns, however, are not won by maneuvering, though they play an important part. A thousand things make up the voter's mind. The campaign has now gone far enough to give us an insight, not into what the voter is thinking, but into the relative political importance of the things that influence his thinking; and on that the election will turn.

It is, then, plainly evident now that if Smith is beaten—nobody ever says "if Hoover is elected"—it will be because of his religion. The "prosperity issue," as the Republicans inaccurately call it, will play its part in holding the ranks firm, unless Smith can convince the people that he is as much a friend to their bank accounts as Hoover is. The oil scandals will play no part at all. The farm relief issue will

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play a part. But if Smith is defeated, it will be because he is a Catholic. It will be a demonstration that inherited fear is more potent with, for instance, the aggrieved farmer than his own material welfare. For, if Minnesota, the Dakotas and several other western states go against Smith, it will be in spite of the fact that a majority there believe their material welfare would be promoted by Smith's election. They do believe it; and in spite of that belief, it is possible that they will vote against him because he is a Catholic.

The newspapers have sent their political experts into the different states to investigate and report; Republicans and Democrats alike, into Republican and Democratic states. Their reports are the same to the point of monotony. These correspondents are not eager, interested young reporters flashing into state capitals and buttonholing hotel bystanders to ask excitedly, "How's the election going in your state?" They are experienced, sagacious, inquisitorial and judicial; they are men practised in weighing what they hear. The things they learn on these visits could not be learned by the chairman of a national committee himself. As for their impartiality, nothing on earth is so impartial as a traveling political correspondent at the moment he sits down at his typewriter. If he goes wrong in any trifle, the election returns will make him a laughing-stock in his profession and affect his future; and it is his business, not to be partisan, but to be right.

From every one of these men, in every state, comes day after day the same repetitious story. If Smith is beaten, it will be because of his religion. The despatches of Republican correspondents read exactly like those of Democratic correspondents. The reason is this: There are enough states ready to swing to Smith—on the farm issue in the West, on the prohibition issue in the East—to elect him. Nothing can prevent them except his religion; and it is far from improbable that it will.

It may be thought, from this, that if the Democrats had nominated a Protestant they would have had a better chance, but this is not true. It is Smith who has caused these eastern and western states to waver; no one else could have done it. The nomination of any other man who was mentioned would have insured an easy, comfortable campaign like that of 1924.

In Minnesota, unlike other states, prohibition is not much of an issue in the farm regions, but it is in the cities, and that would normally be a good sign for Smith. The farm regions are mutinous over the refusal of the Republican party to aid them, and they are mutinous to the bolting point—so much so that until recently the Republican leaders had hardly any hope of carrying the state. On this statement of the case, Smith ought to carry the farms and one of the big cities, and win easily. What stops him? His religion; and today it is dot and carry one in Minnesota.

Take three of these careful, experienced, able, impartial—they have to be that—observers. Mr. Michelson of the New York World, after reviewing the "tremendous turnover" in sentiment in that state, the influence of the German resentment and the farmers' distress, says:

> In brief it will be the religious issue, the existence of which is not even acknowledged, that determines whether Smith or Hoover will get Minnesota's twelve votes.

Mr. Wallen of the Herald Tribune reports:

> Democratic leaders said that, in view of a strong trend to Governor Smith among formidable farmer-labor leaders in the state, Governor Smith's carrying of this state would be *assured* [italics mine] were it not for uncertainty as to the effect of the religious issue on the big Scandinavian-Lutheran vote.

Eleven days later Mr. Oulahan of the New York Times says, after discussing the question of how far the La Follette people will go to Smith and how far to Hoover, that while religion is not publicly discussed,

> many political observers contend that it is the underlying issue and may determine whether Minnesota will go Republican or Democratic on presidential electors.

I select Minnesota precisely for the reason that it is far from being a bigoted state, as compared with others. In New York itself the bigotry campaign is just as active as in Alabama, and women who never voted before are inquiring from their more experienced friends how to register and vote, so that they can vote just this once to keep the Pope back in his dreadful lair in Rome and prevent him from descending heinously on imperiled America; and they are not women from what are called the "lower classes," they are "educated," and speak in the tones of culture.

The reports from all the other states are the same. Robert Barry of the Evening World, a Kentuckian, visits his native state, investigates, and concedes it, virtually, to Hoover, adding:

> It is the religious issue all over again, in spite of any perfunctory denials by Republican managers. If Smith were not a Catholic there would not be any resemblance of a "hoss race." He would have a walkover. His prohibition views would not matter.

So, in less picturesque language, all the other visiting correspondents to Kentucky report. And the word of a practised political correspondent for a great newspaper is worth all that the chairmen of the two committees and all the senators and spellbinders say from June to November, so far as importance goes.

There is, perhaps, one exception. The reports from Nebraska do not show that bigotry is an issue. The Protestant ministers are opposing Smith, but solely because they disagree with him about the Eighteenth Amendment. This may be only the surface, and there may be bigotry there too, but no investigator has found it yet. If there is one exception among the forty-eight states, it is one of the remarkable things of this unprecedented and sure-to-be-historic campaign.

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THE DECLINE OF BERGSONISM

II. USURPING THE RIGHT OF REASON

By HENRI MASSIS

(This is the second of two papers to appear in The Commonweal on the present status of Bergsonism. Last week M. Massis analyzed Bergson's positive contribution in discrediting mechanistic philosophy. In this article the negative and destructive aspects of Bergsonism itself are examined.—The Editors.)

AFTER having obtained from it God knows what refreshment to our vision of the world, we felt confident that Bergson's philosophy was mistress of the truth and would deliver to us in time the secret of reality. And yet—? By underrating intelligence, had it not already deprived itself in advance of the sole means by which man can know with certainty? Thoroughly competent in showing us the beauty and richness of life which a haughty and arid pseudo-science had laid waste, it seemed powerless to restore them to us. To be logical, its destructive critique of ideas was forced to continue the work of negation long after false and perverted notions had been destroyed, to attack essential principles and to end by discrediting reason and denying being. When the circle had been completed the new philosophy found itself identified with what it had first attacked, namely, pure phenomenism and practical scepticism.

What end had been served in showing man that he was free, in opening his eyes to the infinite perspectives of immortality, even in speaking to him of a God and Creator, if these notions were doomed to remain unintelligible, strangers to science and reason, never to be fully comprehended and little more than the fruit of a capricious imagination?

And this falsity in Bergsonism comes from the fact that it allowed itself to be subjected in advance to the modern spirit. M. Bergson, perhaps unconsciously, started with many happy predispositions, subtlety and penetration of thought, love of the truth, an instinct for perceiving reality and keeping upon its trail, a feeling for things of the spirit, an esteem for whatever was spontaneous and truly alive, thirst for a truly disinterested philosophy, in conformity with reality but immersed in the absolute. But these things have been compromised by his obsession with actuality. It is the modern spirit which drives him to his examination. And his questions are never simply or luminously posed. The errors which a degraded philosophic intelligence has substituted for the perceptions natural to common sense permeate them. Let us remember that before starting his investigations a modern philosopher is obligated to ask himself such preliminary questions as whether the world exists at all, whether reality is ascertainable, or if our ideas, our conscience and intellectual evidence itself are not all "residua of some sociological accident," etc. Hence nothing has grown to be rarer than simplicity of perception and "straight" thinking. What philosophical culture produces oftenest in the intellect is a kind of inability to discharge itself of all this "residual" material and set about things simply, by the help of its own deliberative actualities.

Thus it comes about that M. Bergson has posed the philosophic problem in terms of mechanism, the problem of the world in terms of Spencerian evolutionism, the problem of the soul in terms of psycho-physical parallelism, the problem of liberty in terms of psychological associationism. More concerned to reconcile errors than to go straight to the truth, he has foundered fatally in the deformations which these preconceived terms have imposed on his mind. It is in this complacency with and acceptance of the premises of modern philosophy that the essential weakness of Bergson's message is to be detected. They have gained him his public. But they have perverted his doctrine.

Instead of reaffirming the authentic rights of reason, and attacking the Kantian relativity which has dethroned them, he has accepted the usurpation. Instead of calling first principles to his aid to demolish the most noxious critique that ever sought to overthrow human conscience, he has chosen to seek his certitudes elsewhere—in intuition, in the sentiments of the heart —in everything that by virtue of its very definitions, is dubious, individual and undependable. In doing so he has yielded to that need of novelty at any cost which is an instinct with the modern mind. Under the pretext of union, of communion, of commixture with the essence of things, he has flattered those who are more anxious to test than to know, to feel than to think, to enjoy than to understand.

And now we perceive that the very doctrine which convinced us we had taken the wrong road was unable to set us on the right one, that the faculty which was to transcend intelligence and to improve upon its work, can teach us nothing more than the sane use of the reasoning faculty had often revealed to us already, more satisfactorily and much more purely. We perceived that reason is not to be condemned because it may be abused, that a greater danger still is to outlaw it, and that if there is such a thing as pride of reason, there is another pride not less pernicious which consists in making the motions of intuition the rule of conduct and in adoring the mysterious powers of the soul as only God is to be adored. Individual instinct has an infinite faculty for error. Whenever it humiliates reason, fetters it and seeks to show it as impoverished and infatuated, its function is to exalt the secret suggestions of the heart which, precisely because they

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conform to nothing but themselves, are sure of seeming true. Truth, we are told, is in us, it is whatever we do. Liberated from attachment or control, it functions the more freely. Anything we have felt or lived through is true. The underlying conception of the whole Bergsonian theory is that the ego, the "me," is the centre of the world. It sums up in perfection the modern tradition which in every field has substituted pure passion for reason and given to sentiment the value of the idea.

With M. Edouard Le Roy as our guide, let us pass into the twilight region wherein the Bergsonian "me" is elaborated. He tells us:

> Distinctions have disappeared: words have no more value. Within ourselves we hear the sources of conscience murmur mysteriously, like some subterranean torrent pouring through the darkness of a moss-grown grotto. I dissolve my being in the sheer joy of becoming. I abandon myself to the ecstasy of a proliferating reality. I can no longer tell you whether I see perfumes, breathe sounds, or smell colors. Do I love? Do I think? The question, for me, is void of meaning.

Regard this profound "reality" which is here set above intelligence—above reason! Here every thought falls apart, gives place to indistinction, carries us lower even than animality, to matter itself. Who can fail to perceive the vague and muddled themes that inspire modern poetry and prose? Pantheism, impressionism, appeals to the subconscious, objectless mysticism, sensory confusion, the primacy of sensation. In what else are set the foundations of that contemporary art whose profoundest tendency is to justify the Bergsonian doctrine, so contemptuous of understanding, so obsequious to sensation, which bids us, at the cost of a constant struggle with nature, expand the "me" in order to attain essential mobility?

Nothing was ever more timely than Bergsonism. It has told its generation just the things that generation wished to hear. It possesses the subtle and impressionistic psychology which flatters every species of modern disorder and gives it a metaphysical expression of its own. The new philosophy seduces in the exact measure it justifies our slavery to instinct. It erects the turgid powers of our being into faculties superior to all else. Its daring applications have ended by impoverishing and deforming a doctrine which was born of a desire to attain the absolute and the true. But out of these very deformations, imposed upon the finest and most powerful intelligences of our day, we perceive a new philosophic school emerging to be the chastisement of a doctrine which outrages the intelligence, ruins rational principles and forbids the seeker any eventual possession of truth.

Socrates once said to his pupils:

> Be on your guard against falling into the greatest of all errors, which is to hate reason. A man who has contracted the habit of reasoning for and against, comes to believe himself very expert, and finally imagines he is alone in perceiving that in fact and reason alike there is neither true nor false—that everything is a flux and reflux like Euripe and that nothing remains a single moment under the same conditions. . . . What more deplorable could happen, while a true, solid and understandable reasoning exists, than that such a man, from having heard so many arguments where a thing appears true and false by turns, should come to lay the fault upon reason itself rather than accuse his own doubts and lack of art, and pass his life hating and slandering reason, thus irremediably cutting himself off from truth and knowledge.

In repudiating the Bergsonian doctrine, the Church has shown herself the loyal defender of intelligence. Faithful to one of her most evident missions, which is to save the human mind from self-destruction, and forbid doubt attacking reason, she would preserve to man the rights and the prestige of his intellect. Moreover, the immanentism of M. Bergson, which necessarily leads to pantheism, is in absolute opposition with the doctrine of the Church, for the good reason that its most essential definitions are a direct contradiction of the nature of God. The council of the Vatican has laid it down that God Who is a spiritual power, unique in His nature, absolutely simple and absolutely immutable, must be defined as distinct from the world in reality and essence. The philosophy of M. Bergson denies this distinction between God and the world. God, it holds, is a continuous projection, impossible to exist or to be conceived apart from the world which projects from Him. He is a vital energy, a sort of blind spontaneous force, which recalls the "subconscious" of Schopenhauer. This doctrine, whose most salient aspect is its anti-intellectualism, has compromised previous notions of truth—the very idea of truth—by making truth contingent to the individual conscience. In a word, it is nothing more than a very subtle paraphrase of that supreme scepticism for which nothing is, but everything becomes, in which two contradictory and antithetical things, being and non-being, are fused in the act of becoming, and which, if entertained, will end by depriving us of any method whatsoever of attaining truth.

Renewal

Thank God for pain,
Thank Him for storm and wind and rain,
That caught me young and scarce aware
And shook my garden almost bare.

Now that it's autumn I
Must gather up the leaves once more,
And smooth the troughs the water wore
And take what little fruit is by.

Who knows if the rain's torment
Brought not a richer nourishment,
And what new flowers blossoming
Will have a sweeter strength in spring?

EDWIN MORGAN.

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FORGERY AS A WEAPON OF BIGOTRY

By ROBERT R. HULL

DURING a political campaign of 1914 in Nebraska, when Governor Morehead of that state stood for reëlection, there was sent by mail to many residents of the city of Omaha a "little green card" on which had been printed reasons Why All Good Catholics Should Vote for Morehead. An editorial in the Evening World-Herald of October 24, 1914, said concerning the card:

> It purports to be addressed by Catholics to Catholics urging them to support Governor Morehead for reëlection because he has favored Catholics as Governor, and if re-elected "will favor them still more in the next two years."
>
> The card, of course, is a fake, false as it is malicious. It is not mailed by Catholics or to Catholics. It is mailed by unscrupulous and conscienceless politicians to Protestants. It pays them the sorry compliment of assuming that some of them will be so ignorant and stupid as to be fooled by the clumsy swindle—and give vent to religious intolerance once they are fooled.

A hundred other examples of the same kind might be instanced. In each case, if any dependence were to be placed upon the spurious manifesto, it would be necessary to assume, not only that members of the Catholic Church were guilty of political intrigue but that they were the veriest tyros in the art of conspiracy. For, if one credits the word of their enemies, the Catholics in their simplicity leave copies of their secret manifestoes where they cannot fail to fall into the hands of their enemies! But, if the Catholics are as careless with their "terrible secrets" as all that, surely it must be fairly evident that the country has nothing to fear from them and the "subtlety of Rome" is a false alarm.

Yet it is precisely on literature of this type that very many political foes of the Governor of New York are relying to defeat him in the coming November election. The United States mails are just now flooded with bogus political hand-bills, spurious papal bulls and encyclical letters, fake pastoral letters of Catholic bishops, and pamphlets containing forgeries ascribed to Catholic sources—and all these things in quantity lots for distribution.

The most notorious of these spurious documents is the alleged "Fourth Degree Knights of Columbus oath," which first saw the light when spawned as a "seminarian's oath" at the time of the Oates plot in England (1678). Imported to America as a "Jesuit oath," the monstrosity was widely diffused by the Know-nothings in the fifties and the A. P. A.'s in the nineties for the purpose of frightening Protestant infants. It was transformed into its present style by Mr. W. O. Black who, as a self-styled "ex-priest," during the time of the Guardians of Liberty agitation before the world war, went about the country arousing hostility toward the Roman Catholic Church. Mr. Dudley A. Wooten, a prominent attorney, has stated that, in 1878, four years previous to the organization of the Knights of Columbus, he translated the "oath" from a Latin version into English. The canard has been refuted repeatedly; a committee of prominent Freemasons of California was invited to examine the ritual of the order and reported against the authenticity of the "oath"; the Knights of Columbus have been successful in prosecutions wherever the disseminators of the "oath" have been arraigned—but the "oath" marches on and, as these lines are being written, is being widely distributed through the whole of the South.

"Forgery, I blush for the honor of Protestantism while I write it," declared Whitaker, an eminent Anglican divine, "seems to be peculiar to the Reformed. I look in vain for one of those accursed outrages or impositions among the disciples of Popery." When one considers the conduct of hundreds of Protestant ministers who, during the last few years, have not only given their endorsement to those who made it their business to spread falsehoods concerning the Catholic Church but themselves actively coöperated in the work of arousing bitterness, he is almost persuaded that Whitaker was right.

Fortunately, however, there have been notable exceptions who have declined to join in the hue and cry of bigotry among the Protestant clergy.

As early as February, 1923, there was being circulated in and about New York City a spurious pronunciamento ostensibly of Catholic origin and intended to injure the political influence of the Governor of New York, who, at that time, was already being denounced as a possible "Romanist candidate for the Presidency" by the anti-Catholic press of the country. This weird document was addressed "To All Councilors of the Fourth Degree, Knights of Columbus, and To Those Engaged in Special Political Work for the Church. Under Special Seal of Absolute Secrecy. Guard as Your Own Life." The plan, as therein outlined, was to "make America Catholic" by the election of Governor Smith to the Presidency. Immediately after the consummation of this grand objective, the Freemasons, the Junior Order of American Mechanics and the Ku Klux Klan were to be "smashed." The immediate necessity, it appeared, was to have President Harding assassinated—then Mr. Coolidge, "whose wife is a Catholic," would succeed to the office of chief executive. Whereupon, with all the increase of prestige to the Church, it would be easy to hoist Governor Smith into the chair! The message concluded with the exhortation: "Down with the heretics! Do you want to see the Holy Father

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sitting in the White House? Then smash the Protestants!"

The reverend editor of the Christian Advocate (Methodist) of New York, to whom several anxious correspondents sent copies of the manifesto, commented, on February 25, 1923, as follows:

> Internal evidence stamps this wild communication as "the fakiest of fakes." We should like to rate it as an out-and-out hoax. But the diligence with which it is being circulated among Protestants raises the suspicion that it is the wicked invention of misguided Protestants, who have adopted this despicable method of feeding the fires of prejudice against Catholics. Every copy which has come to the editor has been sent out by a Protestant person who believes that by some blunder in the mails he has secured a secret communication designed only for members of the Fourth Degree, whereas the probability is that as a known Protestant he is being imposed upon by some group like the Ku Klux Klan, unworthy of the name of Protestant.
>
> When shall Protestantism be delivered of its super-serviceable friends!

The fight against Governor Smith, since it began early in 1923, has not subsided for a moment: it has only increased in intensity and bitterness to the extent that his nomination on the Democratic ticket was more clearly seen to be inevitable. After the nomination of Mr. Davis in 1924, the Fellowship Forum, of Washington, D. C., the leading Klan weekly, immediately declared for Mr. Coolidge; and the mails were flooded with announcements that Governor Smith would be "the power behind" Mr. Davis, in the event of Mr. Davis's election.

A Seventh-Day Adventist, a lady who was already prejudiced against the Catholic Church, received at her address in Tampa, Florida, in September, 1924, a communication mailed from Williamsport, Pennsylvania, which read as follows:

> Dear Catholic American: We must elect Mr. Davis. His election will hasten the day when the heart's desire of every true Catholic will be fulfilled, a Catholic America and America for Catholics. Governor Smith will be the power behind the President and will safeguard the interests of our beloved Church. Get out the entire Catholic vote. (Signed) A Loyal Catholic.

In the early part of October, 1922, agents of the Ku Klux Klan, with the immediate purpose of defeating Mr. W. R. Cook, a candidate for office, distributed in Sacramento, California, a certain circular. This pretended proclamation of a "Catholic welfare league" purported to be a warning to the Catholic voters to scratch the "good government" and "anti-machine" slates and "vote only for Catholics or those who are known to be broad-minded in their attitude toward the Holy Church." In the same circular "the unholy heretic orders," the "Freemasons, Odd Fellows, Knights of Pythias, Orangemen, Knights of Luther" and the Ku Klux Klan were denounced.

Under the headline, How Wicked Are Their Tactics!, the aforementioned circular was reproduced in Our Sunday Visitor, of Huntington, Indiana, issue of October 29, 1922, in order to expose its falsity. But it was immediately seized upon by Klan and other anti-Catholic periodicals throughout the country, which ascribed to Our Sunday Visitor its origin and composition. In the spring of 1923 the circular had turned up in Chicago, where it was distributed from house to house to defeat Judge Dever, then running for mayor on the Democratic ticket. At the present time the bogus proclamation is being used by the patrioteers to convince Protestant voters, if possible, that the Catholic Church, of which Governor Smith is a member, "is in politics"; and that element is hoping that the distribution of the circular will contribute to Smith's defeat at the polls.

In very many of the minor elections which have been held in the last few years the major intention of "stopping Al Smith" has been revealed. Thus, the patrioteers of Virginia, in 1925, when Mr. John M. Purcell stood as a candidate for state treasurer in that state, did not neglect to remind their following that "a most faithful servant and obedient to the Holy Father at Rome" was being groomed by the Catholics for the Presidency of the United States. I take the liberty of quoting in full the proclamation which, at the time mentioned, was circulated among Protestant voters in Richmond and other cities of Virginia, because I believe that readers will find it both instructive and amusing:

> To the faithful of the Mother Church, Grand Order of Knights of Columbus:
>
> Be ye well reminded of a sublime duty, of the importance of meeting a situation as it arises and look well around you. Be diligent and ever on duty. Prepare yourself to cast your ballot on November 3 for a strong supporter of the Mother of all churches and an officer of the Knights of Columbus to fill the important office of state treasurer of Virginia; be often in communion with the holy saints, that you may be properly guided by the Holy Father and his sacred rights.
>
> Be ever diligent and post yourself as to the gatherings of the leaders of the Mother Church and of the Knights of Columbus, who are often intrusted with the sacred key to the inner workings of the Mother Church.
>
> Be ye not a laggard, as the many thousands in the ranks of the heretics. Spur yourselves viciously and ride as on a mighty horse to war and victory, planting the intrusted guards in the key positions for the defense of the Holy Church of Rome.
>
> Look with favor on the gathering of the one hundred thousand faithful patriots at Palos Park, Cook County, Illinois, September 27, 1925.
>
> The like has never been known, when supporters of the Mother Church could come together in a body and declare themselves as supporters of the party faithful only to the Mother Church of Rome.
>
> What wonders are working in America! Be not alarmed at the small amount of anti-propaganda, as the

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> enemy will be strictly loyal to party nominations, regardless of religious faith. Be diligent, encourage party alignment, which is so important for the accomplishment of our great undertaking in America, which must not fail. Our foundation is well laid and we must build accordingly. Do not overlook the important factor that the movement is now under way for the Mother Church to place at the head of the government of the United States of America a most faithful servant and obedient to the Holy Father at Rome, whose infinite power cannot be questioned.
>
> And be ye fearful of excommunication. Woe be unto the unfaithful who inherits the wrath of the Holy Father. Quicken your vision and face about. Look unto the East steadfastly for the coming of the infallible.

On the inside front cover of this pamphlet was printed an address To the Protestants of Virginia, explaining:

> This is a copy of literature that is being circulated by the Roman Catholics, urging their members to support Mr. Purcell against Mr. Bassett for state treasurer. Will any red-blooded American stand for this—Roman Catholic control of this state?—Committee.

It is very possible that some of my readers have already judged that the "proclamation" was so manifestly spurious that it could not have deceived anybody. They are mistaken. Mr. Purcell, who was the principal target of this attack, barely scraped through. He ran far behind the Democratic ticket. Only the fact that the normal majority in Virginia elections is overwhelmingly Democratic pulled him across the line.

> I do not pretend to be a prophet. But though not a prophet, I see a very dark cloud on our horizon. And that dark cloud is coming from Rome. It is filled with tears of blood, etc.

Ever since the days of "Pastor" Chiniquy, who, in the fifties, was deposed from the Catholic priesthood, these words have been ascribed to the martyred President Abraham Lincoln by anti-Catholic lecturers and writers. The patrioteers, relying on this spurious utterance of the great Emancipator, for which Chiniquy is the sole authority, and other equally spurious alleged utterances of American statesmen (such as the late Theodore Roosevelt, etc.) to cast suspicion upon the motives of every member of the Catholic Church who may present himself as a candidate for an office within the gift of the American people, never fail to broadcast them in every campaign. There is no scholar to whose attention the question has been called who has failed to declare the alleged utterance of Lincoln bogus—yet it is being employed in the present campaign to discredit Governor Smith.

Making America Catholic, a pamphlet published by Mr. A. H. Beach, of St. Paul, Minnesota, and filled with many bogus and suspect citations of "Catholic authorities," has run through five editions at least since the Klan became strong in the United States; it has been distributed in huge quantity lots; upon this source the Protestant pastors, who warn their flocks against the "machinations of Rome," and the anti-Catholic lecturers who are now raging up and down the land, depend. Every backwoods letter writer who addresses the readers of the rural weekly newspaper in his community on the subjects of the "Roman menace" and the "threat of Governor Smith's candidacy to our free American institutions" has provided himself with a copy of the Beach pamphlet.

Only recently a fake letter, ostensibly written by a Catholic woman, strange to say, to one of the most bitter foes of the Catholic Church in this country, was printed off in a folder and mailed to thousands of people on the Atlantic seaboard. The spurious letter, signed by "Marie O'Keefe" and addressed to no less a personage than "Bishop" Alma White of the Pillars of Fire sect, proclaims that "the tide is now sweeping to that point, as we now see the positive election certainty of our great governor of the state of New York for President." "In the face of this, 'his accession to the White House,' it were well to consider" the first item in Al's program, a declaration of war on England; after that war is to be waged on Mexico and President Calles, who has until now obstructed the progress of the Church. The imaginary "Marie O'Keefe" writes as a member of the Church's "secret invisible society" and promises, in the event of Governor Smith's election, large rewards to "Bishop" White, if she will but halt, for the nonce, her campaign against Catholicism.

If the forces of bigotry do not win this fall it will not be because they have lacked in "resources." They have not hesitated to avail themselves of all the discredited weapons of their predecessors of the fifties and the nineties. At this moment literature of the most obscene character is being sent out by fly-by-night publishing houses, some of which have changed the names of their firms as many as four times within a very short period in order to escape the prosecution in the criminal courts which their conduct merited. Again the ghosts of the Gunpowder Plot and the Popish Plot are walking the land.

The Sceptic

Give me October for my sorrow's slaking—
Dark ragged dahlias colored like ripe plums,
Wine-crimson dahlias; and chrysanthemums
Of heavy gold bowing frail stalks to breaking—
And you may have all April for the taking,
Her misty blossoms and her rain's faint drums:
Give me smoke-savored autumn that benumbs
With rich sufficiency the spirit's aching.

I set no store by promises—I ask
Maturity—my teeth within the fruit—
Comfort that ripeness and completion bring
More real than the pale illusive mask,
Than the brief solace of the furtive bruit,
The chilly, mocking reticence, of spring.

JOAN RAMSAY.

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REDUCING STATES TO TERRITORIES

By MARK O. SHRIVER

TWO novel and startling propositions in constitutional law have recently been brought forward by gentlemen who have, it would seem, to put it mildly, a prospect of personal gain from their presentation. It is perhaps not accurate to say that these propositions are novel but they have certainly not been considered before in their present form, though the broad underlying principles are well settled and there can be but little doubt as to the decision which will be handed down by the Supreme Court if and when it shall again be called on to pass upon them. In one phase they were discussed so long ago as 1821, when two gentlemen named Cohens attempted under the authorization or permission of a federal statute to operate a lottery scheme in the state of Virginia, and the then Chief Justice, Marshall, declared that while it might well lie within the power of all the states to destroy the union, it certainly did not lie within the power of any one.

These propositions, briefly, are whether or not a state may be expelled from the union and turned back and reduced to the status of a territory, and, secondly, whether by a sort of auto-dissolution a state may commit suicide and, entirely of its own volition, relapse to such a status. The immediate reason for any such discussion is to be found in a joint resolution which is to be offered by Representative Crail of California, purposing to punish Arizona for alleged violations of the compact set out in the act admitting her, in attacking federal ownership and control of public lands and navigable waters, and improperly assessing property of the United States; and secondly, in an alleged desire on the part of citizens of the state of Wyoming to abandon statehood, and to be again classed as a territory, governed and administered by federal authority at the expense of the forty-seven remaining states. Thus we have the problem of state annihilation presented under two differing conditions.

The question is one that seldom presents itself and is consequently unfamiliar to a great majority of Americans. It came before the Supreme Court for the first time while the prejudices in the aftermath of the Civil War were still strongly raging. The ownership of certain bonds was in dispute, but before the merits of the case could be considered, a point which first had to be determined was whether or not Texas had the right to sue in the Supreme Court—whether or not Texas by her attempted secession had ceased to be a member of the union. The point does not enter into the decision nor the reasons for it, but it may be remembered that Texas came into the union very much on the same terms and under the same conditions as did the original thirteen. Their territory had never been a part of any national or federal domain. They were sovereign and independent governments which solemnly entered into a pact of union, ranging themselves together for common defense and security. Neither had Texas ever been subject to our federal control. Having won its independence from Mexico, it sought admission and was accepted as a sovereignty on its own account. Then, after Sumter had fallen, the spirit of secession ran like wildfire through the South and a convention was called to which delegates were duly elected. Resolutions were presented to and adopted by this convention dissolving the union then existing between the state of Texas and the other states of the American union under "the compact styled the constitution of the United States of America." The legislature was called into session and it passed an act ratifying the action of the convention and calling for a referendum which endorsed by a vote of more than three to one all that had been done in the premises. Then the convention, which had adjourned, was called back and reassembled to declare that the secession was ratified and Texas was definitely and permanently out of the union.

It is hard to think of any additional act or thing which could have been done to sever the ties more completely which held Texas to the union and to the other states; and yet, when all was said and done, the Supreme Court solemnly declared that each and every act was null and void and of no effect.

Under the old articles of confederation the union then formed was declared to be perpetual, and in the preamble to the constitution it is proclaimed that the purpose thereof is the formation of a more perfect union! How, asks the Court, could an idea be more forcefully expressed in words, since nothing could be more indissoluble than the perpetual union made more perfect? It is obvious that there can be no such thing as the union without constituent states; and the preservation, therefore, of the states, and the maintenance of their governments, are matters as much within the design and care of federal authority as the preservation and maintenance of that federal authority itself, for in all its provisions the constitution looks to an indestructible union of indestructible states. Texas and every state, on entering the union, became a party to the same indissoluble bond under something that was more than a compact between the parties, a thing which constituted the incorporation of a new party in a body politic, under which there is place for neither revocation nor reconsideration, save only through rebellion, or by the general consent of all. Despite what may be done, despite what may be wished, obligations as a member of the union and obligations of every citizen as a citizen remain, perfect and unimpaired.

The states stand on an identical basis, with the same

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rights, privileges, immunities and obligations in neither greater nor less degree, no matter what their history. Delaware, the first to ratify the constitution, and Arizona, the last to be admitted, stand side by side, equal in all respects, differing in none. Wyoming, should she seek to destroy herself and voluntarily depart from the sisterhood, may indeed rebel, her rights may be suspended for a time, it is true, her citizens may become public enemies, as did the citizens of the Confederate states, but all the while, a rebel state perhaps, she remains a state of the union, a spoiled child but none the less a child. And if she should rebel, the duty of the national government will be, as it is and has always been, first the suppression of insurrection and rebellion, and, thereafter, the reëstablishment of the broken relations between Wyoming and her sisters.

As for the forcible reduction or disestablishment of Arizona, how in the face of a doctrine such as that set out can it be thought that annihilation can be imposed as punishment? She is a state forever.

It is suggested that a state, should she wish to sink from statehood, might refuse to function, failing, for instance, to elect senators and other officers, but whether such action should be taken or attempted, with or without sanction of law, it could not be effective, for a republican form of government is guaranteed to, and will be preserved in, every state. Citizens of the states are citizens of the United States, and no state may abridge or restrict their privileges or immunities as such, among which most certainly is the right to full and complete representation in the halls of Congress, in the Senate and the House of Representatives. A general renunciation of citizenship is also suggested as a means of accomplishing the end but, while expatriation is recognized by our constitutional law as a natural right, and is possible, reunuciation by 89,999 of 90,000 inhabitants could not affect one lone loyal American who might remain. He, entitled to all his privileges and immunities, would be recognized by the federal authority at Washington and supported in them with all our "treasures of blood and might." Practically, such a renunciation is impossible.

Every resident of a state might indeed pick up and go, taking up a domicile in some neighboring locality, so that activities might be for a while suspended but the state will not, and would not, because it cannot, die. No state may impair the obligation of a contract, and consequently the innumerable contractual relations into which every functioning state has entered with its own citizens, and with others, must be respected and preserved inviolate. Corporate charters, bonds issued for roads, schools and countless public purposes, tax moneys collected and held unexpended, all fall within the restrictions of such an impairment, and that form of action too is impracticable.

There is another phase. Under the constitution the federal government must provide for the general welfare and the common defense, preserving the blessings of liberty for all; and so a failure to comply with the obligations of statehood, to carry out essentially incumbent duties, which is nothing but domestic anarchy, can never be tolerated for an instant. Unquestionably there is an outstanding federal power and obligation to maintain inviolate the principles of the constitution in all their purity. If the course of government may be at any time arrested at the will of one of the members, each member will possess a veto power over the will of the whole, an unthinkable and an unconscionable proposition, for every well-ordered government must contain within itself the means of securing the execution of its laws, the means of preserving public order and of perpetuating its own existence.

In his opinion in the Cohens case, Marshall discussed at length the power of the states to destroy the union. He admitted that, if universal hostility arose, it would be irresistible, that governments live only by the will of those who establish them, that those who make them can unmake them; but he added that that supreme and irresistible power lay only with the whole body, and not in any subdivision or section thereof. An attempt by any part to exercise such a power would be clearly usurpation, to be sternly and unflinchingly repelled by those to whom the power of repelling has been confided. The acknowledged inability of a government to sustain itself against the public will, by force or otherwise, he said, is no sound argument in support of an inability to support itself against an inconsiderable minority acting in opposition to the general will. There could be no effective provision against a general combination of states for the destruction of the government which they had formed, and consequently there was no attempt to establish one, but provision was made against the operation of measures in any one state, the tendency of which would be to arrest the orderly operation of law.

It may be said that much of what is herein quoted, with and without credit, from the two decisions of the Supreme Court, both leading cases, both establishing principles which no one questions today, is obiter dicta, statements made in arguing the points to be determined, decision of which was not actually before the Court at the time, but it is, none the less, law. In the Cohens case, one of the most lucid of the Marshall opinions, the whole thing is reasoned out coldly and logically from the words of the constitution, without a single cited authority, but it is good and valid law.

The indissolubility of the union, the indestructibility of the states, saving only for constitutional provisions for the establishment of new members, is a legal principle woven into our constitutional theory and is not now to be questioned. Neither Arizona nor Wyoming nor any other state may be reduced to the status of a territory, and unless calamity and disaster come upon us in the night, until the last sun shall crumble in a darkening sky, the American union will stand on the banks of the Potomac, now, forever, an indestructible union of indestructible states.

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FOOTNOTE TO A SPEECH

By GEORGE BARTON

IN THE historic and notable speech which Senator Robinson made in the United States Senate several months ago in answer to the repeated ravings of a professional anti-Catholic colleague, he called attention to the debt of gratitude which the South, as well as the American people, owed to the priests and nuns of the Catholic Church who had given up their lives in caring for the victims of the yellow fever plague which devastated parts of the South more than a generation ago.

It was my great privilege to know Father William Walsh, who was one of the leaders in that work for humanity in the city of Memphis. What the men and women who endured martyrdom for the sake of their fellow-creatures dared and suffered then was well known to the people of that part of the South, but it may be well briefly to retell the story.

Yellow fever became epidemic in Memphis in 1873, and the work of caring for the victims was, to a large extent, in charge of Bishop Feehan who afterward became the Archbishop of Chicago. The mortality was about sixteen hundred, and probably half of this number were men, women and children who were members of Saint Brigid's church, in Memphis. When it ended there was not a single family in the parish that was not in mourning. Five priests—Fathers O'Brien, Cary, Daily, Sheehy and Leo—and five sisters of Saint Dominic and Saint Francis, were stricken down on the field of honor.

In the first week of August in 1878 the fever again broke out in Memphis, and it raged also in the dioceses of New Orleans, Natchez and Mobile. As a result of this epidemic no less than sixty priests and nuns sacrificed their lives in caring for those who had been stricken. The survivors of that awful year still recall the panic-stricken terror of the people of Memphis in 1878. There was a wild rush to get away and in a short time after the alarm was given it was reduced from a population of some sixty thousand to twenty thousand or thereabouts. They fled by boat, by train and by wagon. The exodus was toward the North, chiefly in the direction of Cincinnati. Father Walsh told me that some perished on the way and that others dropped in the woods, lying without food or attention for days.

In the meantime those who remained were to experience all of the horrors of a plague. Out of the twenty thousand, all but about three thousand were stricken with the fever. Shotgun quarantine was established, travel was prohibited and an embargo placed on trade. White women were seldom seen on the street, children never. "It was," says one authority, "the reign of death, and a ghostly one it was! Whole families died the same day, and the husband who attended the wife's funeral in the morning was destined to be a corpse in the afternoon. There was no mourning, no widows, no orphans. It was dreadful that the ordinary emotions of life played no part at all." In two months 5,300 persons died in Memphis alone.

In the face of this awful visitation the citizens who remained did the best they could, and in their work they were bravely assisted by the priests and nuns of the Catholic Church. They were literally "at the front" all the time. Among the priests who died at their posts of duty were Fathers Martin Walsh, Michael Meagher, J. A. Boekel, O.P., J. R. McGarvey, O.P., Patrick McNamara, V.P. Maternus, O.S.F., Very Reverend Martin Riordon, vicar-general and pastor of Saint Patrick's, P. J. Scanlan, O.P., James Mooney, V.B. Vantrooslenberg and Father Erasmus, O.S.F. There were others, of course, but these names which have been recovered from the records deserve to go down to posterity.

In the meantime the work had become so trying that it was necessary to get aid from the outside. The Sisters of Saint Joseph were on their regular retreat at Carondelet, Missouri, when the fever broke out, but as soon as the news was brought to them they started for Memphis and placed themselves at the service of Father William Walsh. All of these providentially survived. But twenty other nursing sisters gave up their lives in the epidemic. The victims included four volunteer nurses who came with Dr. Nugent from St. Louis. It is not possible at this late day to give the names of all the nuns who perished but among them were Mother Alphonso and Sisters Rose, Josepha, Bernadine, Mary Dolora, Mary Veronica, Wilhelmina, Vincent, Stanislaus and Gertrude. Who can begin to describe the nobility and the self-sacrifice with which they worked? I leave it to the pen of J. M. Keating, a non-Catholic, who was a witness of what they did:

"Their days and nights were devoted to the sick and the dying. Their schools closed, there was nothing to distract them from what they loved as the most ennobling of duties. If they were to die—as they did in numbers sufficient to give rise to the belief that they were especially marked by the destroyer—they would make their election sure. They were incessant in their visitations and attentions. They had no rest, no time for recuperation; unlike the ordinary nurses they never suspended their labors to revitalize their wasted energies. . . . Tired nature, wanting the sweet restorer, broke under the strain.

"Life ended, their tasks were done, but their mission was not completed. Other feet were already treading in the same path; other sweet and saintly lives were solemnly pledged to the same heroic sacrifices. . . . They came and went willing sacrifices. Serenely they went as to some feast, bearing with them always the aroma of lives more precious by self-denial, and flooding the sick chamber with the glory of lives wholly given to God."

In 1879 the fever again broke out in Memphis. Father William Walsh was in Europe at the time, but in his absence, the executive work of the camp for refugees established the previous year was performed by his assistant, Reverend John Walsh. Those in charge profited by their previous experience, and as the plague was not so severe the fatalities were correspondingly less. Father John Walsh subsequently contracted smallpox while on a sick call and died. In the meantime Father William Walsh hurried home and resumed his labors in the fever-stricken city. Before it was over he was saddened by the death of four of his closest associates, Fathers Doyle, Fahy, Reinike and Reveille.

There was no desire to take credit for the work that had been accomplished solely as a Catholic undertaking. Father Willliam Walsh insisted that the plague developed the grandest attributes of our common humanity. Jew and Gentile, Mason and Odd-Fellow, members of the Howard Association and other benevolent organizations, all vied with each other in doing good and in exhibiting a most self-sacrificing devotion. He met them everywhere and he said that they went out of their way to help his efforts.

Those who survived the plague continued lives of usefulness in other places, but, so far as I know, not one of the priests or nuns who participated in this work of charity now lives to tell the tale. It is highly appropriate, therefore, that someone else should tell it for them. Their remains rest in the Martyrs' Mound in Calvary Cemetery, Memphis, as has been well said "under the shadow of the cross, the emblem of their faith."

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REASONING FROM ANALOGY

By WILLIAM EVERETT CRAM

REASONING from analogy is one way, and I believe not the least reliable way that may be found, of working upward toward the truth.

The question which has perhaps caused the greatest amount of doubt for all of us is, "Why does God permit throughout the ages this endless suffering, disappointment and death which still persists in thwarting the aims of the most well-intentioned mice and men?" Touchstone or Audrey might well have answered it as I am attempting to now. I, for one, at least, "have found an answer to the unconquerable doubt" at those times when faith hangs slack and threatens to let go its hold, by reasoning from analogy with my own personal treatment of the plants and animals which have come under my care in farm life. Year after year I have planned so that cunning little woolly lambs will be born into the world. I feed them, lamb and ewe, protect them from inclement weather, stray dogs and woodland enemies; becoming more and more fond of them as the season advances. Then from time to time I deliberately choose which shall live and which shall die. Deliberately with my own hand I cause their death, knowing full well that my rifle shot means suffering insignificant compared to what would be their lot if sold alive and carted off by truck and train to distant slaughter houses. Selfish motives have their place at the helm with most of us, but I can say with all sincerity that time and time again the knowledge that death at my hands would be easier for them, has turned the balance and held me to my distasteful task.

Sheep are most unintelligent animals, and the rest of the flock stay just as tame as ever, but supposing they had even the small quota of intelligence granted to us humans, would they not lose all faith in my good intentions if they let themselves be governed by reason only? How often I have wished that I could make one or another wayward-minded domestic creature understand that it must not trespass on the growing crops outside the pasture fence! They can see no good reason why they should not, and as a rule it is the most vigorous and brightest members of the flock which have to be sacrificed to prevent them from leading all the rest along the same road, for sheep are very human in two ways at least—they are first of all creatures of habit, and secondly, followers of the crowd.

Another question which puzzles many is: why so great a divergence falls to the lot of men and women, to all appearances equally deserving. Domestic beasts in some instances seem to feel the same way about it. Tied up side by side in the barn during the winter months, the milch cows will be fed with clover, hay and grain, while dry cows and heifers next alongside are given only meadow hay and roughage. The matter is more or less evened up in the course of time, but not absolutely. Some cows cannot be safely given the same amount of clover and alfalfa, hay and grain, that can be fed to others, and even with the best intentions I may feed one too much and another not enough, just as some men seem destined to more than their share of hard luck, while others have more of prosperity than they can properly assimilate.

My wife and daughter are infinitely more tender-hearted than I am; the execution of a house-fly or mosquito is their limit, and yet every spring they sow thousands of tiny seeds in earth especially prepared to receive them. Each little seed puts forth its new-born shoot, thankful for sun and rain and earnestly endeavoring to grow up and blossom to the very best of its ability, but hardly one in a hundred is permitted to survive. Ruthless hands thin them out, while at the same time uprooting their enemies and rivals, the weeds. The little seedlings are pulled up and tossed aside to wilt in the sun. There is no more hope for them.

It is not always a question of sparing the fittest for survival; sheer haphazard chance not infrequently determines their fate. Given the power to reason things out logically, would they not have good reason to feel puzzled and perplexed?

The parable of the sower who went out to sow is in truth everlastingly before us.

COMMUNICATIONS

THE PUZZLE OF POWER

Chicago, Ill.

TO the Editor:—I have just read The Puzzle of Power, in the August 15 number of The Commonweal.

It is a bit disappointing to find The Commonweal joining up in any way with Hearst special interest papers and the "journals of opinion" which specialize in "advanced thought," mostly subversive on every conceivable subject from economics and child raising to infidelity, free love and companionate marriage. If the last paragraph of the editorial had been written earlier and pondered a moment, some of the other editorializing, I believe, would have been omitted, including these three assertions:

1. "Proof exists to show that the 'power interests' labored strenuously to get information favorable to themselves into text-books and the school class room."

2. "Professors have been subsidized, teachers have been flooded with specially prepared pamphlets and documents, and some of the more hardened advocates of public ownership have been made the objects of diligent pursuit."

3. "No one can question the authenticity of this evidence, and it is alarming."

If proof exists of assertion number 1, it is not yet in the Federal Trade Commission record. Again, if "proof exists," it proves only the impotence of the "power interests," since they have so little to show, in the way of "favorable" text-books, for having "labored strenuously."

Nor is there evidence anywhere that would justify assertion number 2, within the commonly accepted meanings of "subsidized," of "flooded," etc.

College professors—a very few—have been paid their customary fees for lectures, etc., within the scope of their specialties, as other college professors have been customarily so paid, and as they are often analogously paid for newspaper and magazine articles. Just what is the difference between pay for a lecture on public utility economics and pay for a lecture on international finance, Elizabethan literature, Sovietism or mediaeval history?

There has been some furtherance of research—honest and untrammeled research—in higher educational institutions. Nobody and no institution has been "subsidized" to affect opinions, conclusions or any phase of educational work. To allege or imply the contrary is to call college authorities fools or worse; for nothing in this relation has been done by or for the public utility industry under cover.

Certain factual and informational pamphlets—not text-books in any sense, but pamphlets of a character sought by teachers—have been supplied, but supplied only when specifically asked for by school superintendents and other responsible educators; and the legitimacy and usefulness of the pamphlets have been attested in stacks of commendatory correspondence. This

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generalization excludes a certain pamphlet used in a single state. One such instance is scarcely warrant for indicting the entire nation-wide industry.

As for assertion number 3, the "authenticity" attaches only to sporadic evidence of things thought, said, surmised or just dreamed by a very few, and not highly responsible, persons. Of things actually done in contravention of any legal, moral or ethical principle, there is no authentic evidence before the Federal Trade Commission or elsewhere.

The general character of the Federal Trade inquiry to date recalls Kipling's Tomlinson at Saint Peter's gate:

> "'O this I have read in a book,' he said,
> 'And this was told to me,
> "'And this I have thought that another man
> Thought of a Prince in Muscovy.'"

An illuminating example of the campaign to put another color on the facts is this: one of the most exploited documents, in the "evidence" you refer to, was a letter written *but never sent,* and never seen by anybody but its author and his stenographer.

Take the text-book ballyhoo, for another example. Hearst papers and the commentators inspired by them have carefully ignored certain cardinal facts. From the utility viewpoint, the socialistic and otherwise subversive teachings in many text-books were an incidental and secondary consideration. (Erroneous public school teaching impinging even upon religion is not news to Commonweal readers.) Text-book deficiencies (other industries will be interested in them if they look) were the main consideration.

Many of the text-books examined contained no recognition whatever of state regulation of public utilities, which is in effect in nearly all states of this union. This regulation is as much a part of the utility situation as the Navigation Laws and the Seamen's Act are a part of the shipping situation. Text-books that omit all reference to it, yet presume to treat of public utilities, are fairly comparable to history text-books without mention of the world war, or "the earth is flat" geographies.

If the utilities have been poisoning the wells of public opinion and popular education, definite evidence of it must exist in some or all of the following places: (1) in the "propaganda" made available to newspapers and others, all of it labeled as to its source; (2) in the informational pamphlets, also labeled, made available for school use upon request; (3) in the text-books alleged to have been "censored" or revised; (4) in things said or done by the "subsidized" college professors and educational institutions.

This evidence would speak for itself. But where is it? The special interest and "anti" papers have printed columns and columns about it but nary a stickful of it. And the accuracy and truthfulness of the alleged "propaganda" has never been successfully challenged.

The public utility industry is important, not so much for the dollars invested in it as for other reasons. It bulks large in the social and economic structure of the country. On the whole, it serves the population pretty well. It is owned by some five or six millions of people. Upward of another million get the family living from it, and, as human beings and citizens, from office boys and girls to managers and presidents, they average up to any other cross-section of the population. It is hardly fair to stigmatize them as engaged in reprehensible practices, without more definite evidence than has yet been offered.

In thirty odd years of close contact with practically all kinds of journalism, I have not seen deliberately and skilfully contrived misrepresentation comparable to that which has been practiced in connection with the Federal Trade Commission inquiry to date. If The Commonweal is immune to social and economic, as well as religious, intolerance, would it not be consonant with its policy to withhold judgment until the slandered have had at least one day in court?

BERNARD J. MULLANEY.

THE FALL OF THE RUSSIAN EMPIRE

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—Although I feel it is very presumptuous on my part to differ with such an able writer as Mr. Hoffman Nickerson, yet I would like to say a few words in regard to his review of Father Edmund A. Walsh's remarkable book, The Fall of the Russian Empire.

I do not think that Mr. Nickerson is quite fair in his comments about it. It seems to me that he has not taken into account the fact that the book of Father Walsh was written under the impression of what he had really seen with his own eyes, and that he was enabled more than any other writer on the Russian situation to judge of this situation as it was judged by Russians themselves. To say that if his work had for its theme Russia, and not the facts attending the murder of its last rulers, the details of the imprisonment and death of the imperial family are politically unimportant, is one of those reckless sayings, of which I have heard so many, concerning the different phases of the Russian revolution. In the eyes of Russians themselves, no matter to what political party they belong, these details are on the contrary of supreme importance, because the destruction of the czar and of the political system which was embodied in his person constitutes, for them, the most important event in their national history and political development.

Indeed the monarchists actually believe that it is the greatest historical fact in their national existence, since the reforms of Peter the Great had brought European civilization to his native land, while the liberal parties as well as the Bolsheviks themselves look upon it as the supreme event in the long struggle fought between the Romanoffs and their subjects. Father Walsh has understood better than any foreigner I know what really lay at the root of the Russian revolution. He writes about it and speaks of it from the point of view of Russians, after having carefully studied the reaction of Russia in presence of this stupendous fact of the fall, in a few days, of a system of government that had endured 300 years. His book is very rightly called The Fall of the Russian Empire—and what was this empire in pre-war Russia, but an incarnation of the emperor, or czar who stood at its head? This is the Russian point of view.

Of course the American point of view is different because here we very naturally look upon the Russian revolution as upon a general historical fact, and judge it accordingly. But in Russia it is, and for a long time to come will remain, a personal one, and this is the difference which Father Walsh, with a rare perspicacity in a foreigner, has grasped, and upon which he has built up his remarkable book. He did not want —at least this is how his work appears to me—he did not want to convince people, he merely desired to tell them what he considered to be the truth, and most certainly from the Russian point of view his success in this attempt appears to have been wholly admirable.

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Then again there is a point in Mr. Nickerson's criticism which clearly proves that he has not had the opportunities of Father Walsh to come to an exact appreciation of what Russia was before the war, and is today. He says that in pre-war St. Petersburg, everyone went to Mass. I am sorry to have to contradict him and to say that this was not at all the case, most unfortunately, and that people went to church only on the days on which they were compelled by law to do so. It is a fact very little known abroad that Russians either in the military or civil service had to go to confession and receive Holy Communion once a year and to attend Divine services on certain days and Sundays. If a man was found who did not conform strictly to these regulations he was promptly punished.

The same law applied to peasants, and this was the reason why the Russians went so regularly to church *in Russia,* because the moment they crossed the frontier and found themselves abroad, they not only avoided worshiping in churches but in their conversations indulged in the scepticism and religious incredulity which was one of the dominant features in the make-up of the Russian upper classes.

I will not follow Mr. Nickerson in his arguments about parliamentarism. It would lead me too far. The only thing I wanted to point out is that, contrary to his opinion, Father Walsh's book is a great book, for Russians at least, because Russians alone can realize what a true picture it presents of the great upheaval in that country.

CATHERINE RADZIWILL.

Washington, D. C.

TO the Editor:—I have read with close attention Mr. Hoffman Nickerson's review of The Fall of the Russian Empire, published in your issue dated September 19. The reviewer raises questions of such vital importance affecting the historical accuracy of the work in question that the author feels obliged to request the courtesy of your pages to defend himself against charges which, if they are true, are serious indeed.

Unfortunately an engagement of long standing calls me away from Washington for awhile; hence I should appreciate it if you would merely print this preliminary note in an early edition of The Commonweal, as a matter of record, permitting me to send you a documented statement in the very near future.

EDMUND A. WALSH, S.J.

THE NEW MINUTE MEN

Pittsburgh, Pa.

TO the Editor:—Enclosed find the check which I promised to send you to combat prejudice and bigotry.

Nothing could possibly be more necessary than that America, the land of the brave and the home of the free, be once and forever exalted to her proper place, and not dragged into the mire of wretched warfare between religious and intolerant creeds. That Christian people could so disgrace the name of Christ as to hate His religion is almost unbelievable, so I hasten to aid in this great work.

Let us have by all means some of the pamphlets and we will help to circulate them for The Commonweal and for all.

ANNE E. FELIX.

(The Commonweal invites its readers to send in communications expressing individual views on all topics that are of public interest, regardless of whether or not such topics have been previously discussed in its columns.—The Editors.)

THE PLAY

By R. DANA SKINNER

Faust

GOETHE'S philosophical dramatic poem of Faust, as presented by the Theatre Guild, becomes a boring hodge-podge, illuminated here and there by fine scenic effects and by the expert acting of Dudley Digges as Mephistopheles.

There are, I think, two important reasons for this sad result—one inherent in Goethe's poem, the other in the Guild's method of presentation. They should not be confused, and need not be. In many stage productions, it is hard to separate the elements which make for full illusion or for dramatic frailty. But in this case the separation is comparatively easy.

The poem itself has two distinct aspects—the subjective struggles of Faust, and the ineffective efforts to make these struggles objective. The two aspects do not blend. One does not serve the other. One is fraught with stupendous sincerity. The other smacks of naïve trickery and hokum. For example, when we see Faust in his study, brooding over the futility of human efforts to pierce beyond the veil, something in the majesty of the lines brings us close to the illusion of the supernatural. The forces of good and evil seem, by the very power of suggestion, to be at work in the air. Then hokum steps in. A fireplace belches steam and red light. A substantial, concrete and very limited Mephistopheles appears, and indulges in various tricks which have about as much pertinence to cosmic forces as a conjurer's tricks to the illumination of a mystic.

Dramatically speaking, there are only two ways of conveying the sense of the supernatural. One is by sustained suggestion, as in The Dybbuk. The other is by being wholly concrete from the start, and permitting the sense of the supernatural to be indicated by unusual lines, or by the psychological effect of one character on the others. Examples of this method would be The Passing of the Third Floor Back and The Servant in the House. If you recall The Dybbuk, the characters on the stage actually held parlance with the spirit world. But the spirits never became incarnate before your eyes. You felt their presence, and perhaps pictured them in your imagination, but your illusion was never brutally destroyed by seeing a familiar actor in all too tangible garments. In The Third Floor Back and The Servant in the House, the supernatural character appears first in matter-of-fact form, and the illusion of something more than human is built up slowly by the reaction of other characters toward this one. Either method is consistent and logical, although of the two, I infinitely prefer that of The Dybbuk, as leaving a greater play to the imagination. But to mix the two, as Goethe has done, is to play one effect against the other, and thus to destroy the illusion of both. The objective drama is so small and puny as to shatter the majesty of the subjective theme.

In a way, the problem of the young student in The Dybbuk is not unlike that of Faust. He, too, wants to pierce beyond the veil, to break through the bonds of logic and matter, and achieve a direct vision of the source of cosmic power. The vision brings his death. But imagine, if you can, the overwhelming anticlimax if Ansky had inserted a concrete stage picture before which the student had quailed and died! If such a device had been used, The Dybbuk would have been laughed out of the theatre. Yet Goethe has tried precisely such an effect—and I am sure if it were not for the semi-religious reverence with which anything from his pen is greeted by a modern audience, Faust, too, would be laughed out of the theatre, and boredom be saved by quick oblivion.

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But granted that the Theatre Guild had a good reason for wishing to present Faust as it stands—there are many stage tricks which might have lessened the shock of the two conflicting elements and brought into the enterprise at least the semblance of unity. Instead of this, we find one fatal blunder after another. In the prologue in heaven, during which Mephisto converses with the angels and with God, the effectiveness of an eerie stage picture is utterly spoiled by the absurd vocal gymnastics of the three angels and the voice of God. Why were the lines uttered as if by high school boys struggling to be elocutionists? Why no effort to attain the effect of a chant? Why the human, all too human, inflections of third-rate Shakespeare?

Until Mephisto appears, the scenes in Faust's study are impressive. George Gaul speaks the doctor's lines with dignity and feeling. One gathers a sense of apprehension and even of premonition. Then the fireplace belches, stage right, and a few moments later Mephisto appears in the conventional red glare from stage left. He even has the conventional black garments with red linings—a sorry spectacle of Guild imagination gone bankrupt, or—should one say—operatic. The scene in Auerbach's cellar is one step worse, in the matter of literalism, but the climax of part one is reserved for a witch's kitchen so grotesquely concrete and sensual as to recall nothing so much as a tinsled musical revue. Of the truly supernatural, there is not the slightest hint.

In the second part, there is a certain consistent simplicity in the village scenes and in the story of Faust and Margaret, broken by one really superb moment when Faust finds himself in the majestic solitude of a forest glade, surrounded by high hills and the spirit of evil. This is entirely offset, however, by the scene on the Brocken—a scene which, for sheer childishness of effect and conception can certainly have no equal this side of the Paris opera. Red lights play on showers of gilded dust behind all-too-cardboard hills, men scamper about in monkey skins and tails, and the brooding power of evil dissipates itself into a sort of Lamb's Gambol à la Hades. It is quite incredible that the same group which achieved the supernatural effects of Goat Song could be guilty of the absurdities of this production of Faust.

So far as individual acting can redeem the fundamental faults of play and production, the Mephisto of Dudley Digges, and the Faust of George Gaul, in the earlier and older scenes, are both welcome contributions to the evening. As the romantic and youthful Faust, however, Mr. Gaul lacks glamour, and certainly he is not aided by the colorless performance of Helen Chandler as Margaret. She overdoes the innocence of Margaret to such an extent as to make her temptation and fall seem incredible. In the church scene and in the dungeon, she rises to more power, in the sense of agonized distress. But at no time does she display a hint of those hidden fires upon which the forces of evil might play to dire effect. The rest of the cast is mediocre, with the exception of Helen Westley's admirable comedy as Dame Martha. Douglas Montgomery simply makes Valentine a clamorous doughboy. Something tells me that nothing short of the genius of Max Reinhardt could make Goethe's poem an impressive spectacle, and certainly the Guild's imported director, Friedrich Holl, has failed lamentably. (At the Guild Theatre.)

Molière in English

MISS Eva Le Gallienne opened her season at the Civic Repertory Theatre with an adaptation by F. Anstey of Molière's Bourgeois Gentilhomme. Say what you will, the experiment was a daring one for what is virtually—if not in name—a stock company. Nothing makes greater demands upon the stylized ability of trained actors than the manner of antique French comedy, and to say that the Le Gallienne troupe were unequal to the demands made on them is a less damaging criticism than one might suppose at first glance. As a matter of fact, they managed to get and contribute a great deal of fun to the occasion, and to bring the familiar old comedy quite to life, albeit a life of no special distinction.

As the years go on, there is less and less excuse for the strong accent and false inflections of Mr. Egon Brecher. By this time, he should be more at home in the English idiom. In the title, part of the Molière comedy, everything depends on him, and it is not a little distressing to have him add to a "soft" performance the carelessness of speech and intonation which have made his work a trial to the ears of even well-wishing audiences for the last few seasons. He could easily learn from Mr. Paul Leyssac, whose accent is actually more pronounced, but whose clarity of diction and intelligence of delivery render all of his performances not only interesting but also clearly understandable.

Alma Cruger was something of a disappointment, too, as Madame Jourdain. Every part in this piece requires a Gallic quality of hardness and precision. Amiability and competence are not enough. Donald Cameron was a shade better than the others as Dorante, and Mary Morris, who has only just joined the company, provided some much-needed crispness to the part of Dorimene. Perhaps the most satisfying aspect of the revival was its scenic setting—the designs for scenery and costumes having been contributed by that most able of artists, Aline Bernstein. (At the Civic Repertory Theatre.)

White Lilacs

THE lives of great musicians, set to music based on their own compositions, should form rich material for the better type of romantic operettas. White Lilacs is drawn from the life of Frederic Chopin, and concerns chiefly his attachment for Mme. George Sand. The music, of course, is colorful, and the costuming delightful, and Odette Myrtil is there, as George Sand, with her inevitable violin. But one wonders a little sadly at the false sentimentality of musical playmakers in picturing Chopin's death surrounded by a brilliant company carrying white lilacs. There are times, even in musical plays, when a little stark pathos, based on truth, can lift a performance to something above the commonplace level. (At Jolson's Theatre.)

October Picture

A hoar-frost silvers all the ashy dawn
And flattens grass-blades close against the earth.
Mists pierced with sunlight veil and pallid lawn;
In ghostly travail night to day gives birth.

Up curls the haze from out the languid seas—
Straight onward to the clear, far sky is borne.
Leaves swing and sway and curl in noon's slow breeze,
Golden glow pumpkins between stacks of corn.

Black shadows prick the spangled sheen of night—
Mortal, ask now of fairy sprite your boon,
For elves skip in the magic, witching light.
And gleam and glisten 'neath the Hunter's Moon.

AMY BROOKS MAGINNIS.

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BOOKS

Adventures into Chaos

Religion without God, by Fulton J. Sheen. New York: Longmans, Green and Company. $3.50.

THE world is always seeking something new. The sixteenth century wanted a new church; the eighteenth century searched for a new Christ; the nineteenth century asked for a new God; and now the twentieth century yearns for a new religion. An examination into the nature of the quest of modern philosophers for this new religion is the purpose of a volume just issued from the pen of the Reverend Fulton J. Sheen, Fellow of the University of Louvain and professor of the philosophy of religion at the Catholic University, Washington. In his treatment of the subject, Dr. Sheen's reading has been extensive, varied and profound. In true scientific fashion he permits the authors he is studying to state their own case by quoting their own very words, after which he subjects their position to a penetrating and illuminating analysis.

Even the great names with which Dr. Sheen so courageously crosses swords will welcome his keen evaluation of the philosophic and religious systems they put forward, for many of them must be unaware of the intellectual and moral anarchy that will result should their opinions be pushed to a logical conclusion. And herein precisely is one of the most valuable contributions which Dr. Sheen has made to modern thought; he tells present-day philosophers wandering in a hazy and verbose world of undigested ideas their precise destination even if they be unaware of it themselves.

One conclusion that shines out emphatically through this masterly work is the ultra-modernity of Thomistic philosophy. Instead of being a mediaeval fossil deposited under a glass case in a duty laboratory as a vestige of a bygone age, Catholic philosophy in addition to its stability is revealed in comparison with all modern philosophies to be more up-to-date than any of them. One of many instances will readily afford a proof. The latest teaching of modern scientific men is that science is only an approximation to truth; that science is not the last analysis but only the next approximation, and new discoveries and fresh experiences tomorrow may overthrow and relegate to the limbo of obsolete theories the experiences and discoveries of today. This is the melodious hymn which the most eminent physical scientists are chanting up and down the intellectual highways of the world. Dr. Sheen joins the chorus and shows that this is now and always has been the Catholics position, quoting in substantiation the greatest name in the realm of Catholic philosophy, Saint Thomas Aquinas, to indicate the exact parallel between the leading philosopher of the thirteenth century and the leading scientists of the twentieth century.

Dr. Sheen points out that fashions in philosophy and in science change almost with the same rapidity as styles in clothes. No sooner does one science become popular in the modern world than all sorts of philosophers hitch their wagon to it and attempt to make philosophy speak the language of science. At one period sociology was the most fashionable thing in the scientific world and immediately philosophers began to apply the principles of sociology to religion and to God. The result was that soon we had a system of religion which looked upon God as "society divinized."

After a time sociology ceased to claim the chief esteem of the universities and another science, biology, clamored for the recognition of the learned world. Philosophers at once began to apply the principles of biology to the field of theology and then we had much talk of the "god of evolution," a "progressive god." Then a new science, psychology, became the fashion of the hour, and philosophers, instead of restricting psychology to a study of the mind and its states, began to make religion and philosophy dance to the tune of psychology, so that psychology and theology became identified, God became a "mental projection," and sin became a "complex." At the present moment the most popular science is physics and we behold a new relativity worship, philosophy and theology rapidly becoming identified with physics, and the laws and theories of matter becoming the laws and theories of spirit.

There is much thinking in the world today but no agreement in thought, and a survey of the intellectual field presents a philosophical chaos. Amid the confusion of philosophers Dr. Sheen offers the philosophy of Saint Thomas that will restore solvency to modern thought, now hopelessly and by its own confession bankrupt. With intellectual restoration will come economic and political restoration, for whether philosophers realize it or not, political, economic and social phenomena are explained less by bank clearings, car loadings, balanced budgets and war reparations than by our attitude toward God.

Unlike the ancient maker of false gods who went out into the primeval forest and hewed his idols out of trees, the modern maker of idols goes into his laboratory and with the aid of scientific formulae, retorts, test tubes and chemical and physical reactions fashions with his instruments the kind of god he chooses to adore. So topsy-turvy has the world become that man now makes God to his own image and likeness, and the exaltation of man to an imaginary divine pedestal has lowered God to a merely human creation; the divinization of man has resulted in the humanization of God!

Dr. Sheen's present work will be a fitting companion to his former brilliant treatise, God and Intelligence, published about three years ago, which was acclaimed by the learned world on both sides of the Atlantic as a notable contribution to the philosophy of religion.

THOMAS F. COAKLEY.

Practitioners of Yore

The Infancy of Medicine, by Dan McKenzie. New York: The Macmillan Company. $6.00.

THE author of this book has chosen a singularly complicated though interesting problem to attack. For the infancy of medicine is wrapped up with the subject of religion and magic and involves a close study of the psychology of savage men. A South Sea island chief injured his shin against a rusty anchor with the result that he died of blood poisoning. Members of the tribe saluted the anchor every time they passed it, believing that it was inhabited by a singularly powerful and at times malignant spirit. The savage medicine man thinks that illness is due to some intrusive agent in the body; so does the modern physician, but the former thinks it is an evil spirit and tries to drive it out by loud noises and the like, whereas the latter believes it to be a bacterium or a protozoan, and proceeds to tackle it with the appropriate antidote.

The author is a great admirer of Sir James Frazer and his works, especially The Golden Bough and, like his object of admiration and many other folk-lorists, he falls from time to time into one or other of the great pitfalls which await writers on this subject.

In the first place, he very properly rebukes those who, overlooking the simple explanation which is under their eyes, hunt

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for some other and strange explanation of the problem they have in hand. Thus, for example, there is no earthly reason why Dr. McKenzie should follow Frazer in his wild goose chase to the South Sea Islands for an explanation of the ancient custom of touching for the King's Evil, which came to an end with Queen Anne in England (and to undergo which, Samuel Johnson was brought up to London as a small child). It is admitted in this book that the custom goes back in England to the time of Edward, King and Confessor, and in France to that of Saint Louis. Both these personages were regarded as saints during their lifetimes and it is reasonable to suppose that it was thought then their touch would cure scrofula, an exceedingly common ailment at the time, as well as—no doubt—other diseases. If Frazer's theory, adopted by the author of this book, were correct, it would imply that the saint had first of all imparted the disease which he was afterward to cure. There is not the slightest evidence that either Edward or Louis was guilty of such unsaintly conduct.

The second defect of such books is what I have elsewhere called Fluellenism—"There is a river in Monmouth and there is a river in Macedon and there are salmon in both." The false parallel is a favorite pitfall.

Finally, there is the old, old fallacy, without which there would be no such things as mystery stories, that because an explanation *would* explain a given group of facts, it therefore *is* the explanation. Obviously, of twenty plausible explanations of the same set of facts, nineteen must and twenty may be wrong.

Dr. McKenzie, like Sir James Frazer, is an unwearied accumulator of facts. If readers of the book will apply the rules laid down above for their guidance they will, in a very large number of cases at any rate, be able to make up their own minds as to whether they should or should not agree with the conclusions of the author.

BERTRAM C. A. WINDLE.

Saint Columban

Saint Columban, by Count de Montalembert. Nebraska: Society of Saint Columban. $1.85.

THE editor of the present edition, the Very Reverend E. J. McCarthy, S.S.C., has extracted from Montalembert's *Monks of the West* the chapters devoted to the patron of his Society of Saint Columban. To this valuable history, known in all the languages of Europe, he has added a critical division carrying the results of the scholarship of the last seventy-five years, including the new editions of sources which were recondite in the days of Montalembert.

The life of the great Irish missionary, Saint Columban, who evangelized so large a part of the Rhine country, is recorded in the foundations of the ancient monasteries of Annegray, Luxeuil, Fontaines and Bobbio. The struggle between the rule of Saint Columban and the rule of Saint Benedict resulted in the triumph and spread of the latter as more conformable to human endurances. "When Columban sowed, it was Benedict who reaped," truly wrote Montalembert.

The Columban chronology, as revised by Father McCarthy, places the saint's birth in Leinster in A.D. 529; his arrival as missionary in Gaul in 573; his crossing the Alps to Italy in 612; and his death on November 23, 615, a year after he had founded the monastery of Bobbio. Father McCarthy also presents a study of the writings of his saint; they are of unusual charm and interest to the devout and scholarly.

THOMAS WALSH.

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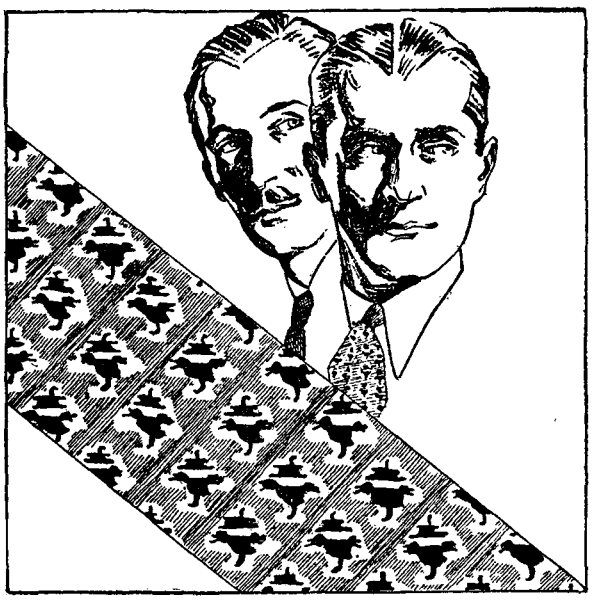

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The New Ireland

Old Ireland: Reminiscences of an Irish K. C., by A. M. Sullivan. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company, Incorporated. $5.00.

THIS is a most interesting book on Irish contemporary history. It is especially enlightening on the causes that led up to the Easter Week rebellion, and subsequent events. After reading the book one is led to the conclusion that Ireland's enemy was not so much the British government as the leaders of the Irish people. Constant jealousy about authority and precedence, and an inflexible tendency not to compromise their opinions were the attitude of the self-centered Dillons, Healys, O'Briens, et al. Rule or Ruin seems to have been their motto.

The difference of viewpoint between old and new Ireland is succinctly stated. The old Nationalists "preferred belief in the essential identity of the interests of Ireland with those of her more powerful neighbor, and sought only legislative independence under the crown"; while new Ireland demanded and obtained the common citizenship of Great Britain and Ireland, and adherence to the membership of the group of nations forming the British commonwealth. Old Ireland was put to death by its ancient leaders; but new Ireland has given birth to the Free State.

The author laments over the revolution and belittles the work of De Valera, Griffiths, Stack, Barton and Childers. Yet in ten years these men and their successors have done more for the Irish people than the Nationalists did in a century and a quarter. Denis Gwynn in his recently published work, The Irish Free State, says: "There is not the smallest doubt that the [Irish] constitution commands the support of an overwhelming majority of the electorate."

Mr. Sullivan's attack on Maynooth ought to provoke thought among the Irish bishops; and his statement that "the Catholic authorities would not teach their people the moral obligations of being truthful and honest in the discharge of public duties" will be strongly resented. He deplores the fact that the Irish have not been bettered by education; and of the school teachers he writes: "They are the most ignorant and self-opinionated in the land."

The author shows an element of bitterness in his work; and it is well that he has exiled himself; for he could never grasp the ideals and purposes of new Ireland—of old Ireland we may all piously say—"Requiescat."

JOHN J. DONLAN.

He Was Very Valiant

The Life of Sir Martin Frobisher, by William McFee. New York: Harper and Brothers. $4.00.

GO DOWN to any harbor. Seek out the smallest freighter. Unless a hardened sea traveler, you will feel the greatest discomfort at the prospect of voyaging on such a craft through any but the most tranquil seas. Yet it weighs, possibly, two thousand tons.

The three vessels in which Captain Martin Frobisher set out to find the Northwest Passage in 1576 aggregated fifty-two tons. The chart he carried indicated islands and continents where no land exists. Somehow he crossed the northern ocean and returned; but if his ships brought back only iron pyrites for the shareholders of the Cathay Company on this and two subsequent voyages, they were, nevertheless, serving England well. For once the ways of the sea were mastered from Captain Mar-

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tin's icy decks, sailing in the Channel was child's play, and icebergs seemed more formidable than the high hulks of an invincible Aramada.

These tiny ships, their sisters "the low rakish vessels of the English corsairs," and the crews who manned them are the heroic principals in William McFee's biography of Frobisher. This does not mean that he neglects his subject, for Frobisher was more nearly of a piece with the ordinary seaman of the sixteenth century than any of his associates or leaders. He was most typical of a period when strong Englishmen, beginning in the ranks, were obsessed with the idea of "getting ahead"; a hard-working, efficient, honest sharer in the "new spirit" of the English marine. Drake was a genius, but Captain Martin was simply a successful man of his time who knew its needs and met them. And so he is best studied in low relief.

Because Mr. McFee has studied him in that way, we are able to think of him as the Elizabethans probably did: a man lacking the brilliance of Drake, but possessing the very comfortable qualities connoted in the English phrases "heart of oak," and "steady does it." He was "very valiant," wrote Thomas Fuller, and as the temptation to romanticize and enlarge upon the preciousness of our captains courageous is a considerable one, the absence of the strident in Mr. McFee's book makes it all the more to be commended.

VINCENT ENGELS.

From Grey to Baldwin

This Generation: Volume II, by Thomas Cox Meach. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $3.50.

THE first instalment of This Generation has already been reviewed in these columns. In the second volume of 360 pages, Mr. Thomas Cox Meach continues his narrative of the great events of 1914-1926. Whether this fireside saga, written, as a somewhat defensive preface informs us, for "people of all ages and every walk of life" really achieves its avowed aim of presenting "a faithful picture of Great Britain and Ireland during the first quarter of the twentieth century" is a matter open to doubt. Between the lines one reads that the author was a privileged onlooker at the centre of great events—with many friends in Parliament and in places of influence. Perhaps the less pretentious form of a diary would have accomplished his purpose to better effect.

Beginning with a rather hazy outline of the gathering storm on the continent, the first nineteen short chapters are none the less interesting because of their "news" treatment of events at home. The ominous close of the year 1917—somewhat relieved by Allenby's Christmastide victories in the Holy Land—and the gloom and uncertainty of this nadir of the great struggle on sea and land are well pictured from the point of view of the man in the street. In retrospect the history of the earlier moves for peace is probably the most significant tendency of these terrible months. In these present times it is hard to realize that eleven years ago such phrases as "outlawing war" had an almost disloyal sound. That Lord Lansdowne courted something more than unpopularity is a fact that should be remembered in considering that great nobleman's courageous act. When President Wilson's earlier proposals for a "universal association of nations" found a prophet of high degree to sponsor them before war propaganda had completely undermined the good sense of British upper-class opinion, it was not without its effect on later events. Concerning the papal pronouncement of August, Lansdowne was more receptive than the American Presi-

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dent. This had placed in the front rank "the establishment of arbitration on lines to be concerted and with sanction to be settled against any state that refuses either to submit to international disputes to arbitration or to accept its award."

Readers of Father Walsh's great epic of the Russian revolution will be interested in Mr. Meach's somewhat detailed account of the more recent dealings of the British government with the Soviet officials. With the abandonment of the policy of supporting the armed resistance of the "Whites"—which the United States had forwarded only long enough to ensure the military situation elsewhere—the British Cabinet found itself under strong pressure to recognize the Bolshevik régime as a de facto government. In the same year (1920) the British Labor party actually threatened a general strike when the question of sending military aid to Poland, menaced by a "Red" invasion, was debated in Parliament. The Trade Agreement of 1921 followed, conditioned upon a Bolshevik undertaking to refrain from revolutionary propaganda on British territory and the Indian frontier. What dependence may be placed upon the engagements of Soviet diplomacy has been strikingly shown by the events of a few months ago, and the discovery that the Muscovite legation in London was little more than an active centre for "anti-bourgeois" enterprise.

A temperate, and on the whole fair account of the complicated Irish situation, notably the course of the parliamentary debates that preceded recognition of the Free State, is a noteworthy feature of the book.

W. P. Cresson.

A Spy of God

Mr. Blue, by Myles Connolly. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.50.

MR. BLUE belongs in the honorable company which includes John William Walshe, Richard Raynall, Frank Guiseley, and even Innocent Smith. Indeed, Mr. Blue is closer in temperament to the moon-faced hero of Manalive than to any of the others. Both are disciples of wonder in a world which, generally speaking, harbors too little of that commodity; and Innocent Smith would have felt a complete understanding of Mr. Blue's delight in flying colored balloons and gigantic kites from the painted packing case atop a New York sky-scraper, which was his home at one stage of his career.

Mr. Connolly has infused into his book an ardent sincerity, a quality of rememberable reality, that seems out of proportion, somehow, with the slightness of its structure and the brevity of its telling. It may be that a conception as essentially fantastic as this is best rendered in treatment which it at once casual and swift; it may be that a more elaborate analysis of the soul and mind of Mr. Blue would divest him of the credibility and charm which he now certainly possesses. This has happened sometimes in heavy-footed and over-serious "lives" of the actual saints; and Mr. Blue, though he has never existed in the flesh, is as validly a saint as any in the calendar.

Mr. Blue is a modern Bostonian, young, handsome, ebullient and lovable. He is devoted to the city of his birth, passionately fond of motion pictures, intensely keen on the future of art in America. He has no regular profession, and when he inherits $2,000,000, he goes into an ecstasy of spending—and giving; so that, after a brief and glorious riot, he is again birdfree of cash and no nearer an established place in the community than he ever was. Nor is all of this mere unorganized eccentricity. It falls, quite spontaneously, into the pattern devised by the Little Poor Man of Assisi in imitation of the Greatest of all poor men.

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ROOSEVELT SAID: "Any political movement directed against any body of our fellow citizens because of their religious creed is a grave offense against American principles and American institutions."

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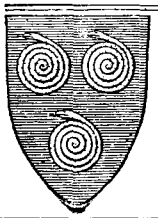

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Mr. Blue's vocation shows itself to him first as the mere call to be happy, and the mere trouble of spirit attendant upon the knowledge that he can never hope to pay adequately for his happiness. This is the meaning of the gesture, fabulous and free, which flings millions down the wind in one innocent orgy; this is the meaning of the snatching at significances right and left—the torrents of talk (all of it real, somehow) on art, on the futility of the written word, on the laziness of great men and the potential saintliness of husbands, on brass bands, on the omnipotence of the motion picture; this is the meaning of the scenario on the End of the World—the scenario in which (to drop for a moment into objective comment) Mr. Connolly has produced as fine and strange a fantasy as has got into print in a very long time.

But Mr. Blue is no dilettante at heart, any more than the rest of the saints. And gradually his vocation separates itself from the mere ecstatic blur of living, and there becomes defined in his mind the mode whereby he can at last begin payment for the unmatchable riches of existence. "He was going to pledge himself to poverty and live among the poor. He would give up his attic room and lodge wherever his wandering brought him. . . . He would sleep out on the parks and in the fields when the weather allowed it. He would live in the worst of hovels and the most repulsive of slums. . . . These brazen souls and weary souls and indifferent souls would never, he maintained, go into a church to pray or listen. . . . They would not stop to heed a street harangue. They would suspect a minister or social worker on sight. But they would listen to him, their companion, their fellow, as they made their listless journeys or lay awake in their haphazard sleeping places."

And then, having made his perfect beginning, Mr. Blue speedily makes an end. He saves one of his newly chosen companions, a drunken Negro, from a skidding motor, is himself hit, and dies soon after in hospital. Perhaps this book is a poem. Certainly there is a poignancy of conviction underlying its simple, tranquil and often humorous narrative which is rare indeed in prose. The outlines of the theme are familiar enough, at least to Catholic readers; but Mr. Connolly has filled them in memorably—and the colors are his own. Who knows? This gay and valiant figure, this happy holiness so defiantly of a piece with our long-despaired-of modernness, may mark the beginning, at long last, of a Catholic tradition in American fiction. Mr. Blue will assuredly be remembered for himself. He may be remembered also as a forerunner and a portent.

MARY KOLARS.

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